

THE
ACADEMY

OF
COMPLEMENTS



The Author's design. 1642.

Printed for H. May, at the Printer's Arms, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

THE
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OF
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The Author's design. 1648.

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THE ACADEMY OF Complements.

Wherein *Ladies, Gentlemen,*
Schollers, and Strangers may ac-
commodate their Courtly Practice
with most Curious Ceremonies, Comple-
mentall, Amorous, High expressions,
and formes of speaking, or writing.

A work perused and most exactly
perfected by the Author with Ad-
dition of witty Amorous Poems,
And a Table expounding the hard
ENGLISH words.

LONDON,
Printed by T. B. for H. Mosley, and
are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes
Armes, in S. Pauls Church-Yard.

1640.

THE
ACADEMY
OF
Compliments.



Printed by W. B. for A. A. and
are sold at the shop at the corner
of the street in the Church-yard.

To the Ladyes and
GENTLEWOMEN
of ENGLAND.

If Custome did not
enforce a comple-
ment of Dedicati-
on: yet this Booke would de-
sire to insinuat into the affecti-
on of Ladyes and Gentle-
women, since it can arrive at

The Epistle

no greater perfection of happiness than your favour, which it most earnestly desires. Let other workes covet their Patrons and Maecenas'es, to derive from them a golden sprinkling of their bounty; whilst this shall expresse an ingenuity beyond such vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner sacrifice it selfe to your acceptance and service; desiring only that you would grace it
with

Dedicatory.

with the influence of your propitious smiles, which carry in them a secret power, not only to cherish and advance the object whereon they reflect, but also to endear it in to others opinions, and make it precious in their estimations. In requital of this your favour, it shall bee alwayes ready to furnish you with the best expressions of choise complementall language, for though by nature and custom;

The Epistle

you can deliver your minds
in a smooth and gracefull
manner; yet from hence,
without study, or praemedita-
tion, you may command ne-
cessary Ceremonies. Besides,
your Ladyshippe's Chamber-
maids and waiting-Gentle-
women are to be pitied; who
having by their good cariage
compassed Suters, are often
constrained to blush, in igno-
rance, for want of Comple-
ments, wherewith to answer
them.

Dedicatory.

them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, persuade your intelligible, generous dispositions to receive this Booke once more as your devoted servant, and to honour it with your favour; which I shall esteeme as an exaltation to the supremest sublunary felicity, and the highest terrestriall happiness.

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Dedicatory.

them. Let therefore this one
book be the first of more
books which shall be printed, per-
mitting your intelligible, gene-
ral disposition to receive
this book once more as your
devoted servant, and to be-
come a part of your library
which I shall esteem an in-
crease to the improvement
of your felicity, and the
highest interest of the



THE
AUTHORS
PREFACE TO
the READER

Here is no question but
eloquence is a principall
part in a well qualified
man, for to see a subtle and a
quicke wit foiled in this which is
the only quality that is eminent
and adornes a man as usefull in
all occasions, it were to be in ex-
treames,

To the Reader.

treames, another *Prometheus*, who made a statue faire in appearance but without motion which could not bee animated without celestially fire, it is eloquence which adorne our discourse, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and dores to the best company, and puts us in such esteeme as well borne spirits ought to arrive too, without this we resemble walking rocks, all our actions being dull and heavie, our words without effect, our conceits without fruits, and our lives disgusted with those, with whom we ordinarily associate our selves: to this purpose
in

To the Reader.

in this little volume feast thy fancy with variety of most eloquent expressions and formes of delivering thy minde to all, from the King to persons of the most inferior ranke or qualitie, for in this second edition, Let me tell thee that thou hast a Cabinet wherein the richest Jewels of our Language are lockt up, first thou hast choise and select complements set thee downe in a forme which upon an occasion offered thou mayest imitate or with a little alteration make use of, thou hast in the next place variety of subjects with expressions to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy
mind

To the Reader.

mind upon the like objects presented to thy view or fancy thou hast witty disputes, amorous discourses, with an addition of most excellent Love Poems, complementall and most sweetly harmonious fitted to the tastes of Cupids guests, Thou hast exquisite Letters, such as containe the Quintessence of that sweetenesse our English tongue affords us at this day as it is now refined, then thou hast dedications, superscriptions fitted to thy owne desires for thy use upon any sudden occasion, Lastly thou hast a table of the hard English words with their expositions, in summe both
eloquence

To the Reader.

eloquence and love with their secrets and mysteries are made naked and manifestly revealed to the weakest Iudgement; all these benefits are heaped upon thee by one who is zealous for the honour of our Language, by one who bewailes those weake essayes that have beene made by others to this purpose, and with griefe viewed the former hasty and surreptitious edition of this booke, which now is purged and perfit-ed to the booke-sellers own content: read it therefore with discretion and deliberative consideration, and endeavour to attaine to the quality of such worth that thou

To the Reader.

thou mayst learne from it to pare
thy dumbness, to discourse con-
fidently with thy friends, and as-
suredly to tender thy wit and ser-
vice to those thou shalt have oc-
casion to acknowledge, especial-
ly in the Court, where neatnesse
and curiosities of all sorts, and
principally of speech is to a filla-
ble exactly studied: I will resolve
the good Reader but a doubt or
two and detain thee no longer
from thy pleasure; first thou seest
not the name of the Author, if
thou knewest the gravity of his
person thou mightst well have
him excused, next for thy country
objection that downe right deal-
ing

To the Reader.

ing is best, I answer thou mayest sometimes be too plain in the way of thy preferment; if thou namest the word dissimulation thou erreſt, the whole heaven: this work reliſhes in reſpect of the ſubject more of curteſie, unleſſe thou abuſe it by craft, accept it then as every way beneficiall to thee, and take my wiſh with thee that thou mayſt inioy as much pleaſure in the peruſing of it, as I had to pen it. Adieu.

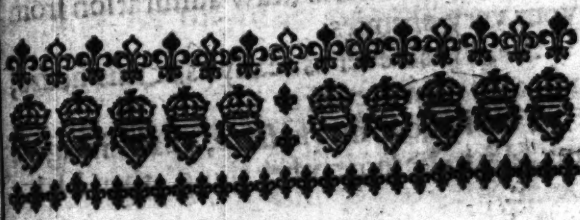
Yours
Philomusus.

THE

To the Reader

My humble thanks to those who have
commended this book to the world
of my acquaintance, it is now
the world's business, and it is
not for me to say who should work
in it, in respect of the subject
of course, and it is not
for me to say who should accept it, then as
every way is beneficial to thee, and
I am sure with thee, but thou
art the only person who is in
the position of it, as I do not
know.

Yours
T. Johnson



THE
ACADEMY
of Complements:

OR,
PEARLES OF
ELOQUENCE.



*S*IR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which must stoop to your honours.

Sir,

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really as at this houre, remaine your creature.

You honour mee so farre, that I imagine my selfe to be some other thing, then I have beene.

I doe repute my selfe happy, to be valued by a person, who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, Your judgement doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your forme doth so ravish beholders that you seeme a heavenly creature in a mortall carcasse.

Blemish not your mind with such detestable qualities least the stains of voluptuousness doe befieare the excellencies of your proportion.

Sir, If you proceed to bee so profuse of your treasures, mines of gold will not maintaine your prodigall expences.

Good *Sir*, give mee leave to feare least some sinister storms of fortune stifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyish conceits of your youth are

of Complements. 3

are unfit for the bestie cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confused Chaos of contrary conceits that wherles in my braines; and I am lost in such an endless Labyrinth that neither choice nor chance can draw mee out of.

Give mee leave Sir to gaine that from your experience, that otherwise all the treasures of the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus excessive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you, as the mirror of an immoderate life.

Be not so inconstant in your affections, least in the conclusion you prove like the Marigold to open at the sunne-shine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave me Sir whilst I learne to despise such Gnathoes and to shake off such flattering curres with the flage of my defiance.

Theseus faire one did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth then I from the pernicious bondage of such cruell beauty.

Fortune and fate place thee in the Palaces

laces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplisht that it was hard to know whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, Being incens'd by your singular commendations, I am perswaded to her only to commit the chiefeft treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudenesse faire creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth nor careth for them that are dastards.

Madam you are the Saint to whose Shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.

For your Beauty mistresse I may name you *Venus*, for your comelinesse *Pallas*, for your port and honour *Juno*.

If I want an Apology faire creature, Let love and necessity plead for me since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam you are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polisht with more then terrene perfections.

Tis you alone faire one that have made a breach into the Bull-warke of my breast, where like a gorgeous goddessse you command all my powers.

Fear not Sir, Love and fortune favours those that are bold.

Sir,

of Complements. 5

Sir, To grant you this one position is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, majesticke features, and rare beauty that kindles my desires.

Mistress, Deceive me not, least while I thinke to imbrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabdly, for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman and will seeke revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flagge of affections, yet except you crowne my indeavours with a voluntary yeelding I can never prevaile.

Mistress, If you take mee for franticke blame Love, which as it comes from you as the cause so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate, fairest of women, or dare to entertaine base thoughts, when he views so glorious an object?

Sir, I am desirous to be suspitious of those felicities, I feare, I shall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my selfe, that I may admire your vertues.

The

o: The charmes of Magicians are frivolous to me, in respect of the power of your presence.

o: I cannot looke upon your face, but I am perswaded to resigne my selfe up to you, as a wreath of victory.

o: That which blackes the *Moors*, and burnes *Libya*, hath not so powerfull a lustre, as the beames of your beauty.

o: Halfe the Court is engaged to your expressions, and those whom you besiege with your language, (must needs acknowledge you for victorious.

o: *Mistress*, Your breath is as sweet, as if you fed only on Pinkes and Perfumes.

o: *Sir*, I cannot degenerate so farre from mine owne happinesse, as to forget you, to whose desires alone the events of all things are futable.

Let me begge of you to take notice of those advantages are bestowed upon you, above the rest of men.

Sir, If in your imagination, I am worthy to bee esteemed of, it must be by your wisdom only, which can set a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes.

Sir,

of Complements. 7

Sir, It is your presence only can dissipate the clouds of my blackest melancholly.

Sir, In the midst of all my felicities, I shall have need of you to make me happy; for without you, I shall ever esteeme my selfe absolutely miserable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuse to do any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as on an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained yours.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sicke at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backward in the expression of your merits, since they doe so exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse this Tenent as erronious, since I have never falsified my selfe to you, but have ever thought my selfe perfectly happy, to bee reputed yours.

Be carefull faire one, least being lead captive by security your mind float in the surging Seas of idle conceits, whilst the puffs of voluptuous pleasures and the stifling
B stormes

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stormes of unbridled fancy with raging blastes make a shiprackle of your beauty.

Sir, I will indeavour hereafter to incounter your graces curtesies with an unwearied constancy in the wayes of vertue.

Sir, I shall indeavour to countervaille such paines with a princely Liberality.

Sir, The trumpet of your royall fame hath moved us who are but subjects of your generous liberality with all humilitie to entertaine such noble and heroicke favours cast upon us poore creatures most unworthy of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eyes as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beautie hath over-powered the weaknes of my fancie since the exquisite perfections of your vertues are characterd in my brest.

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva* or as gorgeous as *Anno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gaines of his affection might be put in the eyes of your Lover.

Coy one what happinesse insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of A *Lucretia* how wretched

of Complements. 9

wretched are they then that deale with *Venus* or *Diana*, since love is a fatall care, hate a finall calamity?

Blame me not faire one, though my fixed fancies once abused turne to a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty your creature that before was plunged in a perplexitie is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistress, Pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainely *Madam*, if the gods as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Faire one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruell one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at least to appeale to your grace and favour, and at the barre of your beauty suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest it is impossibility to perswade me to breake that league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortall foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus* is impossible, since I have already addicted my selfe to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the faithlesse protestations of men, their perjur'd promises and fained loves, cannot but view a poore *Ariadne* abused, a *Medea* mockt and *A Dido* deceived.

Faire one, your beauty and vertue either by fate or fortune is too deeply shrined in my heart.

Be pleased at last faire beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant, and to admit me into your favour as that I may freely enjoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deepe desires merit no better deserts, then have I no other choise but to dye desperately or to live miserably.

Madam, There is a civill assault within me, by which I feele a certaine restraint of my owne libertie and affections.

It is impossible fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not to be fetterd with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Missis

Mistrie, I feele such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my mind; that it is impossible for me to become any other then a servile slave to fancie.

How can I feare to enter a Parly with *Cupids* fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles at the beginning of our loves conflict.

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopie of Heaven bee more proud of their good fortunes then my selfe, who really am your most affectionate servant,

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and the conduct of people.

Sir, I will reserve to speake of vertue, till your great workes come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the naturall habitude of your wortheie person.

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more than any man living, *Sir*, Your most humble servant.

Sir, When I forget to confesse my selfe yours, you may justlie suppose I suffer a per-

petuall silence, since whil'ft I have a tongue,
I protest my selfe to bee your affectionate
servant :

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to
testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining
for me, save the only glory of humilitie and
obedience.

I should shew my selfe insensible of rari-
ties were I not amazed, with the curiosity
of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroicall qualities shine forth
in you, as bright as day.

Muson, They that doe undervalue the
comeliness of your person, dare rob Nature,
and bereave Lilies of their beauty, or the
Crystall of his clearenesse.

Sir, The vertues of our forefathers are to
be esteemed as vices in comparision of yours.

Extremities are in other things reprove-
able, in this laudable, since they force me to
confesse my selfe yours.

Sir, You are never so excellent a Poet, as
when you speake of me, since you have Art
to invent new Fables.

Sir, Those fine words, and quaint dis-
courses, with which your Ladies are de-
lighted,

lighted, issue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

Sir, You goe through all employments with as good fortune as noble resolutions; neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoope to doe you honour.

Who can distill sleep into the eyes of lovers, whose cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, Art thou but a vaine name and no essentiall thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant when he hath most need of thy reviving presence?

Reason, What art thou which canst foresee, but not prevent torment, but not succour; stupifie much rather than rectifie my mind and soule.

What is musicke to mee, but a dolefull voyce accompanied with the various discord of my sighs?

O Love, Wilt thou now at last offer mee phyficke which art my only poyson, or wilt thou doe me service, which long since hast brought me into eternall slavery?

How long shall my languishing sicknesse wait upon the triumphs of my passions?

At last ô faire one, cast the eyes of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightness of those rayes his baseness may be turned into a most high, and through thy affections, a most happie preferment, for being thus disconsolate by the frownes of thy rigor; how soone maist thou raise downe that temple which at first was built by the refulgent smiles of thy beauty?

From whence can these necessities proceed, that love hath laid upon me; most incomparable? *Lady*, are they by your commandement, or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath such a command over mortals; of a certaine it is from you, whose faire aspect accompanied with so imperious a majestie, vanquisheth me by him so far to resigne the happines of my former liberty, as that I must now confesse my selfe to be your slave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your prisoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an ostentation of my felicity, when the conclusion even the last scene of my Tragedy with horror presents it selfe to thine eyes? can death and dissimulation meet at that instant, when I leave the world, and my dying protestations

of Complements. 15

ons with thee, that for thee alone I forsooke this earth; to bee more kindly used there where I shall certainly be eased of these sorrowes? if there be a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or a society of abused Lovers.

If thou art faire, is it to present thee cruell? if thou canst command affections, wilt thou therefore Captivate them? to be beautifull, and yet terrible, are things incompatible things that implie contradiction, yet even against the Lawes of nature, thou destroyest nature, and where thou mayest raise thee structures to thy perpetuall honours, thou ruin'st them.

Most certaine it is faire creature, thy love may make me to sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body, which could so unjustly wound my once free and strenge mind: but alas wherein canst thou glory? not in thy beauty, for that will vaile it selfe at so black an Act; not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some direfull revenge: blush then thou faire one, since to be coy is to be cruell, to be cruell, is to alter the propertie of what thou yet art, beautifull.

Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy

to my desires as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot expresse the least disobedience to your commands; but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pitie, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the ballance of your mercie, that the unworthiness of my deserts by the faire sufferance of your goodness may procure your gracious respects in my behalfe.

It is a sinne to suspect such vertue which glories to arme it selfe against all deceits.

Faire one you have a wit which delights not to judge it selfe, and a beauty that glories to condemne others; reconeile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restraints the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your selfe survive to persit your vertues.

Faire one, what unremoveable suiter eclipses your affection from shining on your devoted and most constant servant?

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer blesse me with happiness, or silence my so long continued suite.

That my desires to enjoy you are more
then

then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Lover cannot but have vertues ayde so ready in himselfe as alwayes to bewaile the losse of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a losse by his own affections is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our forepast affection; by the oathes of our yet continued love; by whatsoever is vertuous credit mee.

Can you Sir weare a *Marses* heart in a *Cupid*s body, since the eyes of all spectators judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court then the tents of war?

In him it seemes Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity and therefore requires the admiration of your friends that your wit should so far out-goe your age.

Is it not strange & thou cruellst of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved
with

with the sight of the most horrible countenances of Death.

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you for this so rare and noble a curtesie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love, and therefore though I am presented with a likenes of your beauty, yet likenesse of another, cannot make the same essence of your person, much lesse can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance and outward expressions of your behaviour are futable to the vertuous resolutions of your mind.

Fairest, grant me this happinesse to have my poore affections raised to a Lordship over your thoughts.

Violence of Love leads me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happie.

Armies of objections rise up against my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to passe through all the splendors of the world to meet with you, my pen could not reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations in respect of your qualities both of
mind

mind and body, in both which she hath made no promise of any mediocrity by the distribution of which rare perfections she hath rendred you lovely to the world and fit for the service of the greatest Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination, when you speake in such high tearmes, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happie should I account my selfe, were the Characters of your Vertues imprinted in my breast?

Sir, No imaginary jealousies shall divert me from mine inclination to that goodnesse, to which I have alwayes had an extraordinary propension, by your royall example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity so farre, that I will not complaine of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthie *Sir*, You know your selfe too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortal.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there could be any roome left, for you

you to entertaine a man, of so many imperfections as my selfe.

The contemplation of your vertues amaze mee.

Sir, I find in you, whatsoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the necessities of the State requires.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable to you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience, then your affaires could well permit.

Worthy *Sir*, Reflect upon your creature, with the bright beames of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my selfe a greater happinesse, then to doe you service.

Your heroick acts succeeding Historians shall crowne with Lawrels.

Sir, For your sake I will passe beyond the
Ice

of Complements. 21

Let of my naturall aire, and undergoe the infelicities of cruell fortune.

Sir, There is no happinesse on earth, but is included in your selfe, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your goodnesse doth bereave me of a voyce to expresse your vertues.

Sir, You cannot blame me, though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sicke, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, Whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to your spirit, which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chastity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our fore-past acquaintance, to displease you.

Sir, For your sake, at the same time I both enjoy pleasure, and endure paine.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter to have a
grea-

greater care of my modestie, since you enforce me, either to loose it, or not to believe you.

Sir, The whole Court is sensible of suffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am so far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none so imperfect as my selfe; neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with those abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to expresse, I am yours.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complementall, or returning you commendations for your worthe favours.

Sir, Instead of requitall, of those vowes you offer me, I am put to a stand, what to answer you.

Mistris, I desire to passe my life in the pleasing dreames of your perfections.

Your Courtly voyce is like an Oracle, either to approve, or to condemne me.

Sir, I am none of those, who slight the benefits are shewred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, where-

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wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

Sir, All my thoughts are your reall inspirations.

Sir, I have no servile dependency but upon your conceptions.

Sir, In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularities, hitherto unknowne to any.

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my selfe, your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertaine these passions, to the end that you may appease me.

Madam, If you still persevere to dote thus on your beautie; the time will come, when your face will scare you, more than a judge doth a fellow.

Sir, I have quitted all complacencie, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

Fairest, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiositie, in your search shall not cary me.

Lady, The morall of my affection, is to instruct you to make use of your youth, and to gather Nofegaies, before the Roses wither: for be confident, when you have no further

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further attractions, than an eloquent tongue no man will seeke for them in the furrowes of your face, and you shall only be left, to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, Suffer your selfe to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty, then wil serve to excuse you from being extreame-ly ugly.

Sir, If you grant mee this favour, you shall elevate mee to a more soveraigne fortune, then the State of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you; as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of noble company, daily repairing to visit you.

Mistress, In my most solitary walkes it shall be my ambition, to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the
com-

of Complements. 25

commencements of all vertue.

Sir, In all shapes, and under the most dreadfull aspects that can appeare, I am yours.

Sir, To returne you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth; since my language is too poore, and unable to lend mee wherewith to pay you.

Sir, I feare I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

Sir, It is the height of my deserts, to be passionatelie, as I am, your most faithfull servant.

Sir, My passions cannot so farre transport me, but that I shall remaine, as I have ever beene, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall war against you; for I acknowledge my choller to be artifieiall, which I am readie to lay down at your pleasure.

Faire Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murthers, which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

Sir, I am not so curious as to condemne the

the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

Sir, I will dilate my selfe no farther in my expressions; least I dishonour your goodnesse, with my prophane praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath not presented it selfe to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is the liberty I enjoy, to profess my selfe, yours.

The principall object of my intentions, hath ever bin, the glory of your name.

Sir, I doe profess my selfe yours, with all those protestations, which are able to make truth appeare inviolable.

Sir, I prostrate all my presumption at your feet.

Sir, I can no longer conceale my thoughts; since you have an interest, both in me and them.

Sir, I never gave you a visit, which cured me not of some passion.

Sir, How often with your golden eloquence, have you taken mee out of my selfe?

Sir,

of Complements. 27

Sir, You alone can conduct mee to the highest pitch of accidentall perfection.

Sir, The beames of your eminent vertues, have discovered to me mine owne imperfections.

Sir, Instead of all those high expressions, you have bestowed upon me; I must only answer you, that I am your humble servant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can bee answerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you suppose I affect praises, with the like intemperance, as I doe perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit such occasions, my friendship would never appeare, but remaine as a Recluse.

Sir, The World would end, and Nature prove unperfit, if there were not such men to maintaine her honours.

Continue to expresse your selfe what you are, that your vertue may be its owne catastrophe.

Fairest, My thoughts are not so often here, as where you are.

The Physitians have not so farre exhausted me, but that there are some drops of bloud

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bloud left, to bestow in part of your Honours service.

Madam, Put on those raies of your beautie, that it may budde againe with the next Roses.

Sir, I confesse I was never more astonish'd, then to find such an equipage of sorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities, that Art and Nature can bestow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not master.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single haire, since I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a faire prospect, adorned with all pleasures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, In which Nature hath lockt all her miracles.

Sir, Though I receive injuries from you, it shall be my humility, not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would visit those parts of the world, which avarice it selfe hath not yet found out, rather than loose your society.

Sir,

of Complements. 29

Sir, It is impossible for mee to conceale my sensibilities.

Sir, What violence soever I offer to my anger, I can no longer containe it.

Sir, You do so heape your favours on me, that you will not so much as suffer mee to seeme miserable.

Sir, Your innoeent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You doe not so much expresse your wit, as your Tyrannie, in inflicting such torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident ; least he whom you have so often injured, doe at last grow weary of his sufferings.

Sir, You are the man, with whom alone I desire to passe the most pleasant houres of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuses for so poore a trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold mine eloquence as pernicious, as the perfections of a Courtizan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

Sir, You usurpe a more absolute authority over wits, then is lawfull, or reasonable.

Sir, You smell too much of your Muske
and

and Amber, to expresse your selfe serious in the waight of affaires.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Sir, Your conceits are too far fetcht, and they transcend the subject, on which you bestow them.

Fairest, Let me ravish a kisse from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my soule; since my inclinations to serve you, have their originall from immortall Reason.

Mistress, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

Sir, You cannot bestow your favours amisse, on him who hath searcht the secrets of Nature, and the depth of Philosophy, that hee might not appeare to bee ingratefull.

Sir, You must give me leave to admire your judgment, which appeares to be farre more excellent, then your fortunes.

Sir, Let me not seeme to incurre a crime, since I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir,

Sir, You vary your shape, and change your perfumes, according to the diversity of seasons.

Let it please you, out of your noblenesse, to afford me to be your Graces most obedient and faithfull servant.

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities, that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities, and fatalities of this world, by your contentments, or discomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes, I am forc't to admire your vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men, but to your selfe.

Sir, Your goodnesse is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches, that Nature bestowes on her most glorious creatures.

Sir, I speake this seriously, with my best sense; you may reduce me to any forme.

All, who have either eyes or spirits, must place them on so des:erving an object.

Fairest, Cast one glance of pittie on mee, least you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eyes;

which are to me the Embassadors of life, or death.

Sir, You are the embleme of terrour, and your furious looks are able to consume a Woman.

Sir, Lift me not so high with your favours, least you doe but hit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in it's royall Majesty, draw forth the sword of disdain, to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, Since I am the patterne of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miseries that oppresse me.

Sir, You hit mine inclinations, since to recompence such vertues, were a work most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, Your refusall of the title of eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the lists with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech; for when I would become most perswasive in
my

my language, I appeare most barbarous in my expressions.

Sir, All your Rhetoricall arguments are, but like blew flowres amongst the corne; which though they may seeme pleasant to the eye, proove most unwholesome to the body.

Sir, I shall alwayes acknowledge the most artificiall language, to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilst she her selfe wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Faire one, can I pervert the powers of the planets or resist the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can repell these affections.

I am yours *Sir*, and will be yours in despite of fates and fortune.

Madam, Your excellent qualities and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the fort of my fancy that I must of necessity resigne my selfe up to you as a trophie of your victories.

Mistrie, Since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his clients, Let us not let slip so happy an opportunity.

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Madam, If the wishes of a poore mortall may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crowne your royall deserts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull services made manifest the loyaltie of my heart, yet since I first framed in my fancy as in a mirror, the shape of your surpassing beauty with all humility; I have cast my selfe and fortunes at your royall feet.

Fairest, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your person and vertues then I doe.

Madam, in consideration of my poore fortunes, let my affection appeare so much the more excusable, since I so farre esteeme of your divine beauty and exquisite vertue as I would thinke my selfe most unworthy, though I were Prince of the world to possess your heavenly perfections, In respect of any of my owne native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know that it is the religion of lovers to sweare and forswear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the coole shades more pleasant, and the frowns of lovers make their smiles more delightfull and cheerefull.

Mistress,

Mistress, I must never hope so intirely to love as by my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancie upon fading subjects, tyes her honour to the unconstant wheele of fortune.

Fairest, As a pledge of my protestations thou shalt have both my heart and hand to be thine in dust and ashes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which containes in it a capacity of all the ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive not *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation, of my honour; least those that shall succeed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tombe.

Madam, The beames of your sunne-like beauty with there lively lustre and sparkling flames dazle the eyes of your amazed lover.

Madam, In the shady darknes of this Arbor, you seeme like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having disposed so many affections to do you service, feare it not fairest, your servant must of necessity visit you.

Faire one, whilst mortalls injoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplendent

dent eyes shall as the day light serve them for the dispatch of their affaires.

Sir, I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the webbe of our destinies hath passed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am readi and use not to entertaine my friends with dreames and illusions:

Sir, This your inhumane usage of your creature shal never seeme strange to me since the most fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementest enmities.

Sir, Wee equally share of one anothers discontents and dissolve our hearts together as one would melt one peece of waxe into another.

Fairest, Those eminent qualities which nature as a dowry hath bestowed upon you like flowers spread themselves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, causing those courtships services and admirations which so sweetly adorne you.

Mistress, Ladyes of honor to expresse the sincerity of their affections have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceased lovers.

Madeira

Madam, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not since your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exercise not the extremities of your rigor upon him that suffers such miseries under the title and qualitie of an offenders.

Know faire creature that a bright day may at last inlighten my innocency, when revengefull lovers shall search into my ashes to find out truth there buried.

Sir, These glorious progressions of your vertue will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

Madam, Shut not up these eyes from the sight of your beauty, least they be perpetually open to teares.

Madam, It is impossible you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour signed with the effusion of my blood.

Madam, There are those will deplore my ashes and strew some silly flowers on the place impressed with the prints of your punishments.

Faire one, when my soule shall bee separated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit as the shadow of it.

Madam, If you should please to condemne me to darknesse by the eclipsing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I despaire not; but that at last from the sphere of your splendors due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the rayes of your clemency to enlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and misfortunes.

Faire one, though death may separate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and wee shall preserve the immortality of our affections by the immortality of our soules.

Madam, Seated thus on your faire pavilion, you appeare like resplendent day in the attires of a majesty absolutely royall.

Madam, Your goodly stature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your person; all of these speake you to be a regall branch, sprung from some royall stemme.

Faire one, your haire negligently dishevel'd and carelesse atire, grace forth your beauty, which shines forth in the midst of so many obstacles as the sun in a winters day.

Faire creature, cast not those eyes down, neither colour your face with those modest blushes

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blushes, since it would appeare most admirable, that your vertues should finde fetters in a place where they may expect crownes.

Sir, I desire to end my dayes on the theater of Kings in their glorious services.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such an one, as you see full of good will, though of slender fortunes and meanes.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one soule, divided into two bodyes, since our amities have taken roote in a mutuall temperature and correspondency of humours, and have maintained in us a continued familiarity which neither death nor hell shall have power to separate.

Fairest, Our breasts shall be ever interchangably transparent.

Faire one, dissimulation or contradiction cannot approach the sinceritie of our loves.

Fairest, Let mee embrace you with the opennesse of my heart and the profusion of my love, that our soules may evaporate themselves into affection.

Sir, Your favours create me againe, and give me a new being.

Sir, I shall never pretend any right to

any honour in the world, but only to obey
your commands.

Mistress, the grace of speech dwells on your
faire lips.

Sir, Hereafter ages shall take Palmes and
Lillies to crowne the reliques of your ho-
nour ashes.

Fairest, These eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixed with love.

*Madam, Spred not that Cipresse vail on
your face, lest you benight your beauty and
darken the bright rayes of your owne curi-
osities.*

Malen, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth to be known and beloved of mortals.

Walter, let me embrace you with all

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THE
ACADEMY
of Complements.

Choice and faire Flowers,
Selected out of the Garden of
Eloquence, to adorne our lan-
guage with variety of expressions,
upon severall occasions.

Upon his Absence.

I Shall no longer esteeme my selfe
absent from you, whilst I hold
any roome in your heart and
memory :

Let not my remotenes change your pur-
poses,

pos, more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live, yours.



Protestations of Love.

IT is as impossible for me not to love you; as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that it will prove harder for mee to forget you, then it would prove difficult to resolve for death: and know for a certaine, that I shall still bee rather content and disposed to consent to the hatred of my selfe, then to the love of any other object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart: and not to love and serve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine also; for I am to you, as an accident, so inseparable, that you cannot be without me.

Let not my remembrance change your love.

Upon



Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in my duty, had I not guided it to so much beauty; for the favour of your affections, is the sacrifice of my life.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yielded up the armies of my liberty and freedom, under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart, but death it self, the faire Image of your divine beauty.



In admiration of her goodnesse.

[T is your goodnesse that hath supplied my small merit; which could not have durst to promise me the favours you afford mee.

On

On her leaving him.

Lovers in despite of absence, looke not the
Remembrance of their Loves: they are
as the Flowers; which, though trod on,
doe resume their lustre at the Suns approach.
To forsake mee, when your company is
dearest to me, is no signe of true friendship,
which parts not at death it selfe, since love
remains for ever.

Take pity on all those bloody sorrows
which the apprehension of your absence
makes me already so miserably to feel.

To accuse in a Letter.

It is better to love with severity, than to deceive with sweetness.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not, that the affection I beare you, doth force, and by its authority, draw all these words from my heart, and mouth.

of Complements. - 45

Mistis, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpnesse of my circumstances.

We must not praise our selves, for being better than the worst; but rather blame our selves, for being worse than the best; since then I faile in my merits, give me leave to mourne for my imperfections.

Farewells.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not mine obedience be deprived of your service.

Adieu faire Sonne of my life, I leave you for this present; but be alwayes assured, that my minde, and my desires, shall never depart from your service.

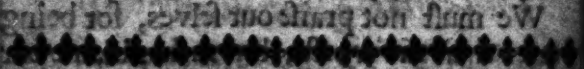
Deare Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewell, nor how to finish this discourse, which once silenced, admits of our disconsolate absence.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, loosing with the happinesse of your sight, the most perfect object of my beatitude?

Farewell,

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Farewell, *Madam*, be alwayes fortunate,
whilst I shall languish unhappy, though
most constant.



Expressions of Affections.

YOU can never doe so much for me, but
that the affection wherewith I adore
you, and the faith I have imposed in you,
will prove farre greater.

Mistrie, You are the first, to whom my
affectionate heart hath beene offered; and
shall (if you please) be the last, that shall
have the possession of it.

Doe but let me once discover my affec-
tions to you, and then command me to perpe-
tuall silence, if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought
of my thoughts, the perfection of my de-
faults, the life of my love, the scope and end
of all my desires and hopes.

Bears well in mind mine affection, that
though I be removed from your faire eyes,
I may not be so from your favours.

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of Complements. 47

The Lover's expression of Constancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stability, and stedfastnesse, that my loyalty shall think it selfe beholding to my love.

My constancy may easily shew you, that it hath as good an heart to dye for you, as it had a mind and desire to live and love you.

Earth shall sooner dispossesse Heaven of his place, then that any one shall boast of loving more constantly than I.

I shall make it appeare to after times, that I am the man, who for your sake hath made himselfe the invincible rock of stedfastnes: for I shall still hug my constancy, and never let it stirre from me, till my last gaspe.

Vpon her affability and Courtesie.

It is your courtesie that lends me the favour, which Heaven and Nature had denyed me.

It

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It is out of your generous disposition you
with me well, as it is of duty that I honour
you.

Upon a Lovers Fears.

Lovers live alwayes in more feare then
hope, and will sooner conceive of their
torrowes, then credit their joyes.

The feare I have, least my slender merit
should take away your good mind to wish
we well, doth in a sort make all those joyes
imperfect, which this sweet thought of
mine, made me to judge so full and entire.

On his Desire.

First, Be but as desirous of my content
as I am of your service.

My desires make me as carefull to please
you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled
by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldnes
of

of Complements. 49

of desire, had likewise graced mee with
desert.

To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up
unto you, with the same heart, where-
with I vowed you my service.

I had rather present you with some small
thing, and so be reputed ignorant, then un-
gratefull.

Regard more the affection, then the me-
rit of the work; and so accept it, not as a
thing of merit, but as a testimony of my
good will.

On effects of their Love.

You shall know one day in effect, what
you now have but in imagination.

One day you will come to know the con-
clusion of the irreproachable testimonies of
my true, and faithfull promises.

Vpon



Vpon her Eloquence.

Your eloquence is able to steale the soule
out of ones heart, and cary it whither it
would goe.

One is no more able to overcome you
with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your sweet words stop
my mouth, and bind me to perpetuall silence



Excuses.

In excusing your unjust feare, you seeme to
accuse my boldnesse.

I pray you heare my reasons patiently, and
judge without passion of my justifications.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults.



Experience of a Lover.

I Have so much experience of your good
will, that it only remaines, that you make
tryall

of Complements. 51

tryall of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such tryall of your friend-ship and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Upon her face.

THe wonders of your face, made mee your captive, as soone as I saw you; and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your prisoner.

Upon his favours.

IF you judge, or deeme me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie, for the favours I have received of you.

I can have no meanes, dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proofe of your faire condition, and honesty.

Upon

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Upon his fortunes.

Fortune strives now to make mee pay
the interest of those pleasures, shee for-
merly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous, and usi-
rious, in taking from me the interests of my
prosperity.

Upon her Hatred.

I Doe not think (though I should give you
occasion to hate me) that your good na-
ture can wish me an injury, since you are not
composed of any thing, but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your fore-head, but
malice resided in your soule, and lay concea-
led in your mind.

On

On her Inconstancy.

YOU use your friends, as one doth flowers, which please not, but when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keepe mee so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more raigne in you.

In praise of Her.

I Could not, without making my selfe guilty of irreverence, speake other wise to you, then in a way of praise.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the graces; for Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For
the praises you attribute into me proceed
from your will, and not from any merit
mine

*For her retention of him in her
memory.*

DOe not that wrong to your true love,
to let him slide out of your memory,
for then he must appeale from your judgement,
to your goodnesse.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold
you in the most sensible part of my soule.

On his Merit.

I Could never doe so great a thing, but
would bee too small for your merits and
my desires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour
permits it, and my content will needs
have mee employ my endeavours to serve
you.

The praises you attribute unto me, proceed
from your will, and not from any merit of
mine.

The necessity of his Affections.

THe necessitie of love is most mighty in the world : for it overcomes all.

There is nothing more insupportable, in a necessitated person, then nicenesse.

O how happy a thing is that necessitie, that enforceth us to such good things !

Protestation of his obedience.

I Shall not all the dayes of my life have a will, which shall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over mee, and that I am so much yours, as you can wish me.

D

To

To offer and present service.

AL L the honour and ambition I aspire at, is to see my selfe employed in your service.

Your beauty alone is able to witnesse the affection I beare you.

All that is mine, is no lesse yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The most favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendship, which I preferre before all other treasures.

Wishes.

HHeaven, which heares the vowes of the faithfull, blesse and content your desires.

God make you the happiest woman that lives; even as he hath made you the fairest, and most accomplished.

Hea-

Heaven grant you may be as faithfull, as
you are deare to me.



Bewaylings of a Lover.

I Doe so bewaile our separation, that no-
thing can ever touch my soule, like the
griefe I endure by it.

The greatest griefe I carry along with me,
when I part from this place, is, to see how I
am for ever deprived of your faire presence.



To give Thanks.

I F I have done you any acceptable service,
I thinke it was but the shadow of what I
desire to shew you, by reall effects.

I take this benefit from you, but as bor-
rowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you, be
but small; yet the desire I have had to ac-
knowledge the honours I have received
from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

Your faire eyes have too much majesty
to serve for baltes, or allurements of a
dissembling love.

Doe not deceive him, that will outbrave
death it selfe, to insure your life, and with-
stand the frownes of fortune to protect your
honours.



On his life.

My life is a Comedy, and therefore no
matter how long it be, so that it bee
well acted: Sweetest, if the last Scene bee
Tragicke, your crueltie must bee the Ne-
cessity.



On the lustre of her eyes.

Y Our eyes flash so much lightning, that
like Sunnes, they dazle the sight of all
such as dare behold them.

You have so established your Sovereignty
over my soule, that the least twinkle of
your eyes, disposeth me of the state of my
life.



A tender of service to ones Sovereigne.

Sir,

IT may appeare great boldnesse in me, al-
together unknowne unto your Majesty,
to hope that any beame of favour should re-
flect on my unworthinesse, to cherish my
cheerefull willingnes, though with hazard
of my life, to doe you any loyall service:

Yet encouraged by your royall goodnes,
that

that can let fall unequal, yet sufficient blessings on all, I beseech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to looke up unto the sacred hill of your Highnesse Majesty, and at the foote thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions, and my most humble service; which if you graciously deigne to accept, as I do humbly prostrate them; I shall account your favour the supremest felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world, and I shall blesse the houre, that gave mee opportunity to present my selfe and service to your employment, than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Answer.

THat which hath beene imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happines, was but a prophesie of your gracious raigne, showing downe felicity in such a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I shall account it the chiefest honour, that my birth and stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in exposing
my

my life to any danger in your service.

Another.

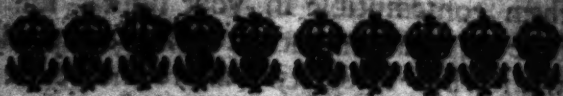
Sir,

THOUGH I cannot worthily desire, nor deserve your gracious favour; yet it will shew you nearest heaven, and that you resemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weake and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyall service. Let not the pooreness of my merit, or the oblation make them contemptible in your sight; for I have long had an earnest zeale, to expresse with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are replenished, farre above all flattery: so that your gracious raigne is but the *Galaxia*, or milkwhite path, through which you travell in your happy government, and by examples lead your subjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty were not to be found in some of ordinary quality, I should blush and tremble at my owne forward desires to doe you service. But since it is a

signe of some eminent worth, nor to any
poore and narrow thoughts, but such as may
be high as Heaven, whereunto that soule is
allyed, which dedicates it's service only to
God and the King: I therefore ever account-
ed it a noblenesse of mind, to rayse and ad-
vance my thoughts, to desire that I might
shew my willingnesse to doe you service in
some employment, whereby I might ex-
presse and approve my selfe, your faithfull
humble servant.



A tendering of service to the
QUEENE.

Maden,

THe same service and obeisance which I
offered unto the King, I do now with as
great a strength of passion and affection ren-
der unto your Majesty; and as I am His loy-
all subject, so to bee Your faithfull servant,
shall be the height of my glory.

Maden, My service and obeyfance is so
divided

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divided betweene the King and your Majesty, that I shall esteeme it my highest contentment, and chiefeſt advancement, to be accounted your humble ſervant, which Title will ſatiſſie all my deſires.

Another.

Madam,

There are no words ſtrong enough, to expreſſe how much I honour your royall perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world; while I make it the chiefeſt imploymēt of my life, to attend upon your command; whom to obey, is perfect happineſſe.



An humble addreſſe to a great Lord.

My Lord,

[N regard of the many favours which your Honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, firſt, to acknowledge my happineſſe therein, and alſo to deſire that you would alwayes

D 5

reckon

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reckon me in the number of your most obliged servants.

Otherwise.

My Lord,

As it is a great happiness for me to come to your presence, and offer my devotions to your Excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart: so it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service.

Otherwise.

My Lord,

It will become me, amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent virtues amongst which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefest, whereas as others have had experience, so I doubt not, but you will favourably accept the oblation and tender of my humble service.

Answer



Another to some great Lord.

Most noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour in admitting me to kisse your honours hand, so shal I esteeme my selfe most happy for ever in that your honour is pleased to accept me henceforth as ranked in the number and catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.

Another.

My Lord, the ranke you hold with the great and singular ornaments of vertues, in you, doe oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions, my service in all obsequious humility.

Another.

Most honoured Lord, if your excellency will be pleased to permit me to exercise my
small

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small indeavours of rendring my dutie to your honour in expectation that heaven will favour me so farre as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appeare in effect the desires I have to performe to you my best service.



To tender ones service.

Cleodes.

Sir,

I Must entreate you to pardon my boldness, in that I, who am a stranger, have presumed to come to visit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ambitious to desire your acquaintance, and earnestly desirous, that you would impose on mee some command, whereby I might expresse my selfe your humble servant.

Beumont,

Sir, You have much honoured mee by your comming, and by your words, as through a Perspective, I clearly discern the power of your affecti-

of Complements. 67

affections, bringing you hither, where your welcome cannot bee equall to my desire, nor your desert.

Cleodos,

Sir, The occasion of my coming, was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit, and by an humble address of service, to bring my self acquainted with you, whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont,

Sir, You owe me no service, but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visitation, which is a favour farre above my desert; but I pray let not our love breake off, for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I will strive to equall you, and ever remaine in all the eyes of love, your most constant friend.

Cleodos.

Then I shall acknowledge my selfe most happy in my bold visitation; for to gaine your amity, is to me a chiefest felicity; not onely in regard of your naturall worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont,

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Benmont,

Sir, I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me, your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company, or friendship may be any way pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore bee assured of me, as of one that hath devoted himselfe wholly to your employment, for your love and kinde visitation hath gained me to be your true friend.



To thanke a friend for a
Courtship.

Cleodas,

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, exprest in that kindnesse you did me of late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at last I shall snatch opportunitie to make requitall, and shew you how much I abhorre the vice of ingratitude, especially to you, unto whom I am so much obliged.

Benmont,

Sir, What I did, was even wrung from mee
by

of Complements. 69

by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to shew my utmost power and cheerful willingnesse, to undergoe any service that might concerne you.

Cleodas,

Sir, It is your worthinesse, that you will not acknowledge your own noble and virtuous actions.

Beumont,

Sir, Those words would become me better in acknowledgement of your worth, wherein you farre exceed mee; yet in respect of amity, I will not yeeld, but ever maintain a constant affection towards you.

Cleodas,

Sir, I will alwayes retaine in memory your good deserts in my behalfe, and you shall know, that you have not sowed your benefits on a barren ground, that will yeeld you nothing; for your love shall alwaies reape the fruits of my service.

Beumont,

Sir, Thereby you will oblige me, for I must acknowledge the number of your benefits doe binde me to serve you; but I never did you any kindnesse deserving your acceptance, much lesse meriting to bee remembered by you; yet here-
after

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*after I will extend my power to the uttermost, to
set a mind free from ingratitude.*

Cleodos.

*Sir, That you have done already, and I
doubt not but you will persevere in your af-
fection; my care is onely how I may re-
quite your former courtesies.*

Beumont,

*Sir, It is I that am troubled, to imagine how
I may acquit my selfe for your former courte-
sies; for if you still proceed to be your selfe in
such noble actions towards me, I must acknow-
ledge my selfe overcome in the contention of
Love.*

Cleodos.

*Sir, You shall not need to contend, since
the former courtesies you have done me, do
require that I should yeeld my selfe to bee,
your humblest servant.*

To

of Complements. 71

To entertaine a Gentlewoman at
your Chamber.

Aym. I Have brought you to a rude Cham-
ber, but I am much beholding to you,
for taking paines to grace me and my lodging;
and am only sorry, I shall not give you such en-
tertainement, as you deserve; let me bid you
welcome with a kind salutation.

Gent. Indeed, Sir, You have an hand-
some Chamber, fit to entertaine one of grea-
ter merit than my selfe; I hope you will
pardon my boldnesse for accompanying you
thus farre; if I did not know you, I should
be suspicious of bad dealing; and some jea-
lous braines would not sticke to censure me
of too much familiaritie.

Aym. I hope you are confident in me, that
my intents are faire and noble, for I will not of-
fend you with moving any thing that may tend
to your disgrace; since my chiefest desire is
to enjoy your company, and so discourse a
while with you; here wee have place and op-
portunitye.

Gent.

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Gent. But those are enemies to our Sex; yet I hope, you will be right and square in all your actions.

Aym. Alas I never prosper, if I seeke any thing but your owne contentment; for if I should make any base motion, you may wish a stronger command mee to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I doe not feare your honest intent, but these wanton Pictures are Emblemes of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.

Aym. Alas! these are but shadowes, where in the Painter hath exprest some skill: but if you please to make choyse of the best in my Chamber, it shall be at your command.

Gent. I dare not presume so much, and though I should embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requitall; it does not become mee to bee too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. Alas! What is it that I can deny you? Pray esteeme me at your command, and you shall favour me, if you make yonder picture worth y of your acceptance.

Gent.

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Gent. I thanke you; it may be, I will be bold to send for it. Now it remaines, that I must thanke you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon of my boldnesse.

Aym. Since you will not be detained, I will write upon you to your coach, and acknowledge my selfe infinitely obliged for your favour, in signing this kind visitation.



To present a Ring to a Gentleman.

A. Y. M. Pardon me, if I, moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I beare you, doe here expresse it in the dumbe language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance; yet I pray beare it for my sake, it may draw downe your eye to thinke on me, who now am wounded by the powerfull beames of your beautie.

Gent. Sir, Though it would seem a scornfull mind in me, not to accept your love tendered unto me in such a visible manner; yet I am sorry you should bee at so great and needlesse charges: for wherein can I serve you to make requitall?

Aym.

Aym. It is you that make this unworthie present precious, for if you deligne to let it encircle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will sparke most in the dark, shewing that love, like a clouded Star, shines lightest in the night of misfortune.

Gent. Well, Sir, I am obliged by courtesie to receive it, and since you please to conferre so rich a gift, on my unworthinesse, I will wear it for your sake.

Aym. Then you honour me above my desert: for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to mee above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed with *Amor circulus*, love is a circle without end.

Gent. I must acknowledge your bounty, and my selfe your servant, in bestowing on mee so rich a gift.

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beames of your eyes: but honour me so much to cary it on your finger.

Gent. I promise that, and more, acknowledge my selfe infinitely beholdling to you.

Aym. Enough is said, concerning so poore a matter: yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I blesse my own happinesse.

To woe a coy, scornfull Maid.

Aym. **L**et not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once againe strive to warme your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfections; pray at last be mercifull, and do not still reward my love with cold disdain.

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerful language, but I am none of those young ones; you are deceived, if you think that fine muske words can sweeten me up to betray my selfe; and for my beauty, I would not have you deate on that: it suffices me, without commendation.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire? I were much too blame.

Maid. Sir, Wisemen admire nothing, for if I were beautifull, What is beauty, but a fading flower, blasted often, with too much breathing on, and cannot grow safely upon the stalke of virginitic, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuse me if I prevent danger, for love and I are quite fallen out.

Aym.

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Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaste Love, there is no greater happiness than the sacred union of hearts, especially when long and humble suite conquers disdain, and so I hope perseverance will at last crowne me with your love, and bring you to entertain my desire with a mutuall affection.

Maid. Sir, If you would be more thrifit of your breath, you might spend it to better purpose, for you may intimate your desires, and make tedious discourfes: but in a word, I shall never love you.

Aym. O say not so, you know not how much misery those few words would bring upon mee, for hope, grounded on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and makes me walk like a faint shadow, whiles in my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a taper by me, watching my owne funerall, and I dwell there in a mist of sighs; and all this is for your sake.

Maid. Well I hope you will not accuse me of your death, pray shake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindness in ceasing to trouble me with complaints, Learne wisdom, that will cure all distempers.

Aym. Yet while I live, I will attend upon

you;

and when I am dead, I will visit you in a
Dream, and tell you, you were a cruell mayd.
To conclude, let one parting kisse seale my pas-
port to Elysium, and I am gone.

Adm'd. Well, since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next return.

Aym. In confidence of that happiness, I will presume to visit you again, and live to be your servant.



A jesting discourse with a Maide.

Ans. **C**ome, why will you be an enemy to your selfe, and let modestie keep you still in the state of virginitie? I came to offer my service to helpe you of this trouble:

Mayd. You are very kind; but I like my present estate, Maids are happy.

Alas! Alas! poore Ignorance, dost thou talke of happinesse? I tell thee, untill thou art marryed, thou art but a Cypher, and of none account.

Mayd. O Sir, You are deceived; our hearts,
free

free from the passion of love, retain a world of happinesse, being exempted from any manner knowledge; for maids, dying in their present condition, doe all goe to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceived, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoide this, be kinde while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Mayd. What offer?

Aym. Least it should rayse a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it into your eare, you understand.

Mayd. I heare too much, thy infelious words have betrayed a base ignoble mind.

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth, I had thought you had bin more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word.

Mayd. Nay farewell.

Aym. Pardon me, all I have spoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wise and wittie, I will desire you in a faire manner to grant me your love, which I only desire; and though I did appeare rash and wanton, you shall find mee worthy of your affection.

To

To contract privately ones selfe, and tye
the knot of Marriage.

Aym. **N**OW, our Love hath arrived to an happy conclusion, the stormes raised by your disdain, being blowne over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the Soule can only discern; therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I doe here in the sight of Heaven, and all good Angels, marry and contract my Soule to yours, and give away my selfe wholly to be at your disposing, untill the Ceremonies of the Church doe confirme my promise,

Maid. With as true an affection I doe give over my selfe into your possession, and freely bestow on you : my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you now it is expedient that you obtaine my friends good will, according to your promise ; and till then we must remaine only contracted in affection.

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee beare wit-
nesse to our private agreement, and may I never
know one day of comfort, when I breake my pro-
mise.

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mis'd vow; let me now embrace you with the
arms of affection, and thus with a kisse seal
the obligation of our Love.



To salute a friend newly arrived from
a Journey.

Alex. **S**Ir, When the newes of your returne
Shad arived to my knowledge, I was
pained with an earnest desire to behold you, and
prevent other of your friends, by the first ren-
der of my service; that as my love towards you
doth exceed theirs, in true, perfect sincerity: so
it might in place obtaine priority, and shew how
ambitious I am of your favour.

Aymwell.

Sir, You still continue your former noble-
ness, making it your chiefe aime, to exceed
others in perfection of mind; otherwise I
had intentions to visit you, but it is your
desire and happinesse to overcome your
friends in kindnesse; for which I can but
returne you thanks, and acknowledge you
a worthy friend.

Alex.

of Complements. 81

Alex.

Sir, You make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption, but it is held, that friends have but one soule in two bodies; therefore, when I behold you, I enjoy the other halfe of my selfe; besides, after long absence, your company must needs bee more precious; so that I had both Love and Reason on my side, to perswade me to come and visit you.

Aymwell.

Sir, I want words to expresse my mind, or to argue a case in love; but in my opinion, I ought to have visited you first; in regard I am very much obliged unto you: but to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affaires. I will be bold to enquire, how all our friends doe.

Alex.

Sir, Some of them have undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible strength of mind; but Heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you, are living, and in health.

Aym.

Sir, I am wonderfull glad to heare of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly when I meeete any of my acquaintance; I hope

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am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex.

Sir, Travell hath not wrought much change in you, but I detain you, I feare, from your rest.

Aym.

Sir, Were I tired with travell, as I am not, yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex.

Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know not how long, would be troublesome unto you, but to morrow I will waite on you againe.



To entertaine a friend, who is come
to visit one.

Alex.

Sir, I Am most glad to see you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aymwell.

Sir, I expect no more, I come to enjoy your

com-

of Complements. 183

company, and to be happy in your society; for in the generall, I doe find none that can suite my condition, so well as your selfe.

Alex.

Sir, Take of me what pleases you, I am vow'd to your service; and your loving visitation is an addition to your many other kindnesses.

Aym.

Sir, All that I acknowledge, is a Will to doe you service: but I have beene slow in producing the effects, hereafter I will study to deserve.

Alex.

Sir, It is your ingenuous goodnesse, to decline the acknowledgement of your own vertue and deserts, farre surpassing my merit; for tis I am bound to bee your servant.

Aym.

Sir, It is I that am oblig'd to you, by many strong ties of affection, from which the service of my life cannot disengage mee; but I have trespass against manners, pray take the chaire.

Alex.

Sir, Please you to sit first, for it becomes me to waite your leisure.

Aym.

Sir, I am provided, but if it may not appear too much boldnesse, what was the Admittance, or occasion, that made you thus kinde, to visit my lodging?

Alex.

Sir, Shall I tell you? I came not to borrow money, or to enforce your good nature to grant any motion of request; but only to keep our love and amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by some conference.

Aym.

Sir, You have chosen a bad opportunity, my affaires carry me away from my friends; besides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

Alex.

Sir, I will choose some other time, to attend you.

Aym.

Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and houre, where to meeete you.

Alex.

Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become mee rather to waite on you.

Aym.

Sir, Pardon me, I am much obliged to you.

Alex.

Sir,

of Complements. 85

Sir, I am your servant.

Aym.

Sir, I am the servant of your servants, pray remember my respects to all our friends.

Alex.

Sir, I will be yours in that, and all other services.

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To woo a faire young Gentlewoman.

Aymwell.

**P**ardon me, I pray, if I presume to speake, what I have hitherto, with much affliction, hid from your knowledge.

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your outward beauty, and by his judgement clearly discerned your vertues, the ornament of your minde; these have produc'd in him a strange effect, so that in spite of his owne Reason, or dissuasion of friends, he is violently compell'd to speake truth.

Penelope.

Sir, Call you this an affliction? Tis unhappinesse to speake, and heare truth.

Aymwell, Doe you hold that opinion?

*Then I will convince you by your owne argument. For if it be unhappinesse to heare truth; then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I doe truly tell you, that I have plac'd my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly say, I doe love you.*

*Pen.*

*Sir, I am sorry that you have made mee the object of your love, I know your birth and person may deserve one of greater account; and therefore I am amaz'd at the unexpressed novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome had been free from any flame: let your wisdom then suppress it, least your love becom fruitlesse in the event.*

*Aym. I will not be discouraged by your first answer for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant; neither can it appeare to you so strange a matter, that I should bee taken with your beauty, which others admire; though it be my fortune only, to be bolder than the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.*

*Penelope.*

*Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertaine hope, nor build any assured foundation, where you have no ground given: love cannot bee compelled, but must flow from  
the*

## of Complements. 87

the spring of naturall desire; but I find in my selfe no inclination to entertaine your affection; therefore you must pardon me, if I deny your sute, which I cannot grant.

*Aym.* Nothing is impossible to love; for if you would beleve that I beare a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soone overcome this difficulty, and encline your minde to reward my affection with your favour.

*Pen.*

Sir, I am confident, that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking, under a faire and colourable pretence, to betray me: yet I cannot force my selfe to consent to your motion, I being utterly ignorant in Love matters; therefore excuse me, till time, and consideration shall enforce me how to answer your desire.

*Aym.* I am comforted, that you have not utterly denied my sute; I hope at my next visitation to receive more comfort; till then, I take my leave, and presume only to breath my heart upon your hand, or, if you please, your lip, desiring you to remember me in absence.

E 5

When



*When one meeteth a friend in the Streets.*

Alex. **G**OD give you, Sir, You are most  
happily met. How fare you?

Clor. Sir, I am the better to see you well  
and lustie. Why will you not doe me the honour  
to visit me at my Chamber?

Alex. Sir, I must confesse I have often  
broken promise therein, but businesse would  
not permit me, otherwise I had long since  
waited on you.

Clor. Sir, I should rather account my selfe  
obliged to waite on you, for I am bound unto you  
for many favours, especially, for the last cour-  
tesie you did me in a matter which concerned me  
much. Will you now doe me the kindnesse to  
beare my respects to a Gentleman?

Alex. Sir, If she be honest, I am ready to  
goe on your errand. I hope you will not put  
me on a disgracefull peece of service.

Clor. Sir, I hope you have no such bad sus-  
pition of me, for she is both a faire and vertu-  
ous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but  
I know you can deliver your mind in an excel-  
lent way.

Alex.



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Alex. Sir, It is you, whom Mercury the god of wit hath adorn'd with a gentle, amorous speech; but I will speake in your behalfe, in as good and effectuall termes as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, You shall doe me then a most perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing servant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope shee will give it me backe, and till then keepe it warme in her owne bosome. But what need I instruct you, who are all Love and Courtship.

Alex. Sir, I will performe your command, though not in such words, as you would desire, yet so as my suddaine Genius shall prompt me, but I have heard it said:

*That in way of love and glory.*

*Lovers best tell their owne story.*

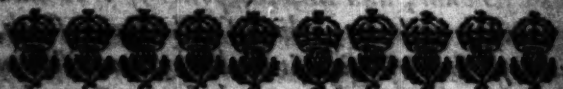
Clor. Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I doe entrust with this business, I am assur'd of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powersull manner, especially, to Gentlemen.

Alex. Sir, It must bee my love to you that must inspire me: but I promise you, I will strive to speake my best.

Sir I am confident in you, and at your re-  
turne

turne from my *Aditris*, I will prepare thanks  
for this great peece of service, and rest, yours  
obliged.

*Clor. Sir*, It is but my duty, I am happy  
to bee employed in any service that con-  
cernes you, suppose this done,



To court a Gentlewoman in the way  
of Marriage.

*Engenius.*

**M**istresse, I doubt not but that you will  
judge me as rash as bold: but I beseech  
your divine beautie which glittereth in your  
saire eyes, to excuse my audacity, and to pardon  
my temeritie, which have emboldened mee to  
come and to present unto you my most humble  
and most affectionate service.

*Calio.*

Sir, I am very sorry that I have not the  
honour to know you: and I mervaile that  
you will offer service to mee, that of all am  
most unworthy.

*Engenius*

*Eugenius.*

Mistris, It is the sweetnesse of your naturall goodnesse that causeth you to speake in this sort.

*Calia.*

Pardon mee Sir, I speake nothing but I know to be most true.

*Eugenius.*

Lady, This singular modestie which I see to the life expressed in your words, gives me a hope that you will entertaine my intentions not as harsh and dissonant but as agreeable and consonant, and that in time, I shall obtaine some one of your favours and graces.

*Calia.*

Sir, if there were any graces in me, they were yours : but I having not any, you can expect none.

*Eugenius.*

Mistris, It is that, which obligeth mee to a greater estimation of you, and makes mee more amiable, and mee more affectionate towards you : so also I beseech you to beleieve that my intentions were never otherwise than chaste and vertuous, and that I never had any other end, than honesty. Did you thinke me to have framed some designe prejudiciall to  
your

your honours. I had rather loose my being, than entertaine any such thought: so also is it my resolution for ever to continue your most faithfull and obedient servant, as the effects shall make it evident that the prooffe thereof shall manifestly appeare whensoever your commands shall call upon me.

*Calia,*

I humbly thank you Sir with my best affection; as also for the paires you have taken for one that no wayes merits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

*Eugenius,*

Lady, It is I that am so deeply engaged to you, that I am disenabled to quit my selfe of the obligation, and therefore (most faire Mistressse) I beseech and conjure you to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you. And in the meane time after a million of recommendations I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you as an astage and pledge of my fidelity and constancy.

*Calia,*

Farewell Sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.

*Eugenius,*

*I hope*

I hope to see you againe and very speedily where for the present I must leave you.

Calia.

Sir, So farre as your intentions shall continue good, and your suites lawfull, you shall alwayes finde our dores open, and also to Gentlemen like your selfe, who shall not want our best entertainement according to our best possibility, and in that regard you shall no oftener come then be welcome.

Eugenius.

Lady, I do assure you that I now goe to elongate my selfe from my bright day, and confine my selfe into an abyss of melancholy darknesse: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy no light of day; and therefore all the time of this sad absence will bee so tedious to mee, that moments will bee houres, the houres dayes, and the dayes will be ages, unlesse it be so that the experience of being in your favour will bee my sole consolation, and wish that I will arme my selfe with a resolute patience.

Calia.

You speake strong lines Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell Sir, till our next meeting.

Eugenius.

*Eugenius.*

Mistris, You doe a wrong to your beauty, and to my love which is faithfull and loyall: but I hope that time will make me appeare more largely to bee what I am, and seeing necessity constraines me to retire from you, I will never retreat from my affection which your faire eyes have darted into my soule. And so Lady adieu till my next review, which I assure you shall be my soonest possible.

*To present something to a friend.*

Alex. *S*ir, I have alwayes had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you, and therefore I am bold to present unto you this Ring; desiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth sacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, This is an addition to your many other favours, you are mindfull of me above my merit; how shall I make you requitall?

A. Sir, Your acceptance thereof is the chiefe ayme of my desires; I would have you thinke, that true love uses by dumbe signes and tokens to expresse it selfe.

A. Sir, Believe mee, so rich a gift as this  
bath



hath a most powerfull language : if it had been  
meaner it would have sufficed me, who must rest  
beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to  
declare my self farther.

A. Sir, It is your worthines that makes it  
appeare so worthy : but I know no gift can  
bee above your merit, nor sufficient to de-  
clare in what ties of observance I am bound  
unto you : your acceptation gives it more  
lustre and richnesse than the Ring doth de-  
serve, being but a meane token of my affe-  
ction.

A. Sir, I beseech you doe not extenuate your  
selfe, nor it.

A. Sir, This Ring is but the embleme of  
my service, which since you are pleased to  
receiue, I must give you many thanks for  
your acceptance.

A. Sir, It is easie to perswade the receipt of  
a thing of such value, but I will merit it as the  
oblation of my love.

A. Sir, For that I must remaine eternally,  
your constant, faithfull friend.

A. Sir, I am yours in all respectfull servi-  
ces, to be commanded.

A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in  
words and deeds, I am all yours.



*To entreate a courtesie of a friend.*

*A. Sir, As necessity hath no law, so it hath no shame; for, contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate Suiter unto you.*

*A. Sir, Name it, it must be something more then I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwayes modest in your requests.*

*A. Sir, I feare I shall give you now occasion to report the contrary, I would desire you to lend me your Horse, to cary away a little treasure by Mooneshine.*

*A. Sir, I doe not well understand you, pray interpret your selfe, and disguise not your meaning.*

*A. Sir, I would desire you to dispense with me, it is a matter that concernes mee neare, I am to beare away the Vsurers Daughter, and cary her where she shall remaine private, till stormes be blowne over; pardon mee, that I have made you acquainted with my purpose.*

*Alex. Sir, I will be ready to assist you, and since*

Since your fortune cannot proceed without my Horses legges, if he were the *Muses* *Pegasus* he shall be your servant, it is but to carry away a peece of live Venison, and that's a meane trespass; Cupid has enough in his Parke.

Aym. Sir, I am glad you are so pleasant, and doe so well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, least my purpose being knowne, which was manifest in mee to deliver, I should have suffered repulse, and have beene blamed by you for my bold attempt.

Alex. No, Sir, I doe account it in you a bravery of minde, that dare aspire to reach a fortune, and plucke the golden Apples of *Hesperides*, watch't by the old Dragon the Usurer: but I would not have you lose time in talke; I will bid the groomme prepare my horse ready for your employment.

A. Sir, The whole service of my life cannot requite your kindness, for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happinesse, as much as in mine owne; Therefore my good wishes shall be your good Genius, to waite on you;

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you; while my Prayers sollicit heaven, for  
your happy successe.

A. Sir, You have exprest your selfe a no-  
ble friend; and when this businesse is past,  
all the study of my life shall be to shew my  
thankfulnesse to you.

Alex. Sir, I desire nothing, but that you  
may thrive in your desires.

A. Sir, Next my intended purpose, my  
chiefest glory and ambition is, to thrive in  
your favour.



*Upon his absence.*

Eugenius, I protest to you my fairest, that  
I could never have beleaved that the tor-  
ments of happines from our loves could have  
bin so miserable; for I dare sweare to thee by  
those faire eyes the starres of my fortunes, that  
I dwelt with impatiency and sorrowes till I saw  
you.

Cos. Is it possible Sir? surely I can hardly  
believe it.

Eugenius, Mistris I beseech you to beleave

is if you please, for I assure you that I could no longer indure nor support the violence and troublesome tediousnes which I indured in the time of your so long absence, the object of my good and sole content being removed.

Carl. Sir, It may very well be, for you seeme very passionate in your actions.

Eugenius, I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare firme and most excellent Beauty.

Carl. Sir, It pleaseth you to terme it so ; content your selfe in laughing at mee as you may at one that injoyeth not the least glimpse of beauty in my selfe.

Eugenius, wherein my dearest, should you conceive so of me ? I do assure you with the better part of my soule that I should bee a miserable man, should I not really speake what my affections suggest as truth, know LADIE, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live but for you, and to doe you service ; but that which troubleth me most  
is





serve for an excuse, since I would be loth to discourage you, and say, I cannot love you.

Rew. I hope you will not, for since I first beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Susan. You know, affection cannot be compelled; therefore I thanke you for the good will which you have hitherto borne me, but as for your love, I cannot accept of it.

Rew. Then I perceive you love some other.

Susan. I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my minde to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters; but for me to settle affection where I cannot love, would be an endlesse misery: the Bryer and Honey-suckle cannot well agree.

R. Then you compare me to a Bryer, but I will with all humility put up your disdain hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your mind, to receive me into some degree of favour, for I protest, I love you entirely.

S. The utmost I can doe for you in requital of your love, is, to give you thanks, and counsell to suppress your desire, and not to proceed any farther in this sute, which at last will become fruitlesse.

R.

R. I should be sorry then: by this kiss which I presume to take, none hath power over me but your selfe, I love you all over, and if you would licence my heart to stray about, how happy should I be?

S. Nay, then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire; neither can I stay with you any longer, least my absence out of my Mistresses Chamber might breed some suspicion.

R. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my armes, and if you will get your freedom, you shal yeeld me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shaddowes of that Substantiall happinesse which you could afford me.

S. Nay, Pray bee not rude, nor give mee cause to suspect that your love is dishonest, I had formerly better opinion of you, but now I am jealous of your good intent.

R. Pardon me, if love have made me offend in some boysterous actions.

S. Come pray let me be gone, I shall be angry if you hinder me.

R. Well then, I obey your desire, but let me prevaile farther with you at our next meeeting.

*An*

*An Enterchange of ceremonies, at parting  
with a friend taking a long journey.*

**S**ir, I am very sorry that my affaires doe  
compell me to take my leave of you, from  
whom I have received so many benefits,  
which have bound me in many tyes ever to  
serve you; neither have I any way left to  
satisfie my selfe in requiting your former  
kindnesses, but to acknowledge them farre  
above my requitall, and to desire you, that  
you would both receive the tender of my  
humble service, and command me in some-  
thing, whereby I might expresse how much  
I honour your desert.

Sir, I cannot choose but grieve that you must  
now be divided from us, by a tedious journey;  
yet since he loves himselfe better than his friend,  
that will not yeeld to any thing for his good, I  
am content in that regard to loose your compa-  
ny a while, wishing you both a prosperous jour-  
ney, and that in your absence you would re-  
member me, who will alwayes in my daily pray-  
ers sollicite heaven for your safe returne, desi-  
ring

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ring to be excused for your poore entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon mee, the entertainement I have found; was farre above my desert, for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, I intreat you make not so great haste to be gone.

Sir, I could willingly deferre my journey, to enjoy your company; but the wind stands faire for France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since we must dispense with your departure, I pray doe us the courtesie to revive our drooping minde, with the good tydings of your safe arrival in France.

Sir, Be assur'd I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I pray you to commend mee, since I cannot take my leave of them all in particular.

Sir, I am glad you will doe mee the favour to give me any employment in your absence, I will performe your desire.

Sir, I can but thanke you, and for your love in bringing me to my Shippe, which is a trouble, that you would take upon you, though

though on my part undeserved.

Sir, I am happy to serve you in any thing.  
God send you a prosperous journey.

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arrive in safety, trouble your selfe no farther, since I cannot remaine with you to requite your kinnesse.

Sir, Since you will needs have it so, I will bid you, farewell, with all the affection of a constant friend.



To invite one to Dinner.

Alex. **P**Ray let mee prevaile so much with you, to entreate your company to dinner.

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thanke you for your courtesie, but my businesse will not permit; therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. Nay good, Sir, Let me not be denyed, I must confesse indeed your cheare will not bee worthy of your stay; but you shall be heartily welcome.

Clorin. Sir, I would willingly obey your desire, but I feare to be too bold.

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Alex. Sir, You shall be most welcome; you shall command in my house as in your own.

Clori. Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yeeld to waite on you, for you have overcome mee in ceremony; but you will draw upon your selfe much trouble.

Alex. Sir, You will finde but course fare, but such as it is, pray esteeme your selfe most heartily welcome, and in a reall manner without complement.

Clori. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your selfe to excuse your fare, whereof there is so great abundance, that unlesse you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah's Arke*, I know not how it could be mended.

Alex. It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuse me; else more I desire it: if I had beene certaine of your honouring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.

Clori. Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldnesse, in putting you to so much trouble, you may perceiue that I think my selfe welcome by my liberall feeding: I am



## of Complements. 107

no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are tooke away with the conceits of the night following.

Alex. I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant, and to increase your mirth, I will drinke to your health in wine, in hope you will pledge me.

Clor. Sir, They say there is truth in wine, and if there be truth in wine, I will finde it out, let the health bee nere so deepe.

Alex. I thank you for doing mee this peece of justice: pray see if you can make a homely Dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.

Clori. Sir, To decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured mee so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bountie and courtesie.





*Ceremonies at sitting downe at the Table.*

Alexander.

**G**entlemen, Pray take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash.

Gentlemen.

*Pray begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.*

*Alexander.*

In this matter, Ceremonies are needlesse; but you will doe nothing without my example, and therefore I will begin.

Gentlemen.

*Then in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.*

*Alexander.*

I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save mee a labour, and take your places.

Gentlemen.

Sir, We expect your sitting downe, and afterwards, we will not contend much for priority of place.

*Alex-*

*Alexander.*

Come, M. Getting, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

*Gentleman.*

By no meanes, that is not my place, heres a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.

*Alexander.*

Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule so farre.

*Gentleman.*

Sir, I should be loth to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.

*Alexander.*

Sir, You are too full of excuse, you may yeeld to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

*Gentleman.*

Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault, if I transgresse the bounds of manners, in assuming a place farre above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.

*Alexander.*

We might have spar'd this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than Complements. Now pray serve your selves,

you

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you are kindly welcome.

Gentlemen.

Sir, Wee will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners will allow us to make a Dinner, we come to trespasse on you.



The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex. Sir, I desire you to excuse your meane faire, and slender entertainement, whereunto I have presumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your own good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society, for your good discourse is to me a feast, farre exceeding any fare that I could provide for you.

Friend, Your reall kindness hath bin such and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainement: all that I can render, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to expresse my gratitude.

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your  
your

your acceptance of my good will. But it is not good to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's talke, you are conuersant abroad, what newes doe you heare?

Friend, Pardon me, Sir, the world runs about me while I stand unmou'd, never marking the motion thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelries, it may be you heare more.

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affaires, that I can enquire after none, I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend, Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it a fruitlesse imployment, but yet to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh newes, that were not yet in print, I will be bold to tell you somewhat, since you desire it.

A. I will not importune you any farther, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office of a Taleteller: excuse my intent therein, since what I desire, was to passe away the time while we sit: but now, if you please, we will rise.

Friend, Sir, Then I must really thanke you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.

*To offer service to a young Maid.*

**A**YM. Seeing you are alone, I would offer you to attend on you, if you would accept of my service.

**MAYD.** *It is more than I desire, or deserve; and it would appear boldnes in me to accept of a strangers company.*

*It is not for me to accept all shewes and offers of kindnesse, I can but thanke you for your good will, I am not farre distant from my owne home.*

**Aym.** *Pray let me beare you company, and by the way make me happie in some discourses, resolve mee one question; Were you never in love?*

**MAYD.** *Though it be no manners to answer one question, with demanding another; yet I will presume to aske you, If you were never in love?*

**Aym.** *Faire one, from thence springs my unhappines, I am too forward in these desires, I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection;*



tion; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death, or life.

*Mayd.* Pray speake in plaine tearmes, I am ignorant of your meaning.

*Aym.* I desire you then to know and beleeve, that I am already farre in love with you, and I hope you will not scorne my suddaine motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me entreate you, to thinke that heaven had appointed our strange accidentall meeting, and gave mee boldnes to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

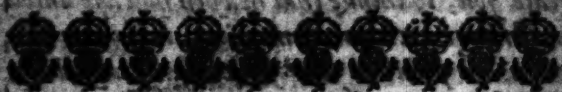
*Mayd.* Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer, that may procure your content, but I desire you importune mee no farther, but grant me time to consider your motion, this is my Fathers house, whither, if please you to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you, howsoever you shall be welcome.

*Aym.* But before I lose your presence, which is my chiefe happinesse, let me tell you, that when you goe in, you beare away my heart with you, and I shall only languish in sorrow, till I visit you againe.

*Mayd.* Pray, Sir, doe not hold me longer

ger in discourse, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occasion to make me censured for maintaining with you such unusual familiarity; pray, as you tender my credit, leave me.

*A.* I must obey, honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, that will returne again to waite on you, who are the substance of my life.



To conferre with a Widdow in an amorous wooing manner.

*A Ym.* I would entreate you (faire Widdow) not so discourage mee in my first sute, since your modesty and vertuous carriage in your Husbands life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection; and to cherish a certaine hope, that I shall obtaine my desire.

*Widdow.* Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written on a Table booke, the letters whereof may bee soone wiped out againe; no, it was engraved upon my heart

heart, and there doth remaine to informe me, that I ought not to wrong him with a second marriage.

Aym. Nay, Widdow, I must acknowledge you have a faire pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your sad Husband, but will you alwayes punish your selfe, and fast from the joyes of marriage?

Wid. It is my full resolved purpose, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning mee, give you hope of obtaining my love; Alas! Since his departure, I am dead unto the World, and doe but onely live, to sigh, when I remember that I had so good a Husband.

Aym. His goodnes is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your living active servant; come, come, put off grieve and false imaginati-  
ons of honouring the dead, for if his soule were capable of any knowledge, concerning earth-  
lie matters, it would rejoyce to see you hap-  
pily married, and as he gave you all content-  
ment in his life time, so he would desire that you  
might be supplied in the same kinde after his  
death.

Wid.

*Widow.* You speake unhappily, but pray bee satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and other matters will remaine ready to requite your love.

*Aym.* For other matters I am swished, but your love is the mark whereat I aime, why should you thus strive to become a virgin againe, and forget the conceits of former pleasures, which are yet fresh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you doe not well to make your selfe so dull of apprehension, I am come to offer service in the right kind, and therefore you are very much too blame, to refuse the tender of my labour.

*Widow.* You speake mysteries; but I desire if you love mee, shew it in ceasing to prosecute your sute; for I must tel you plainly, it will prove fruitlesse, and of none effect.

*Aymwell.* I cannot beleve, but that I shall be more fortunately happy to obtaine your favour; words are not alwayes the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident, for all this, that you love me.

*Widow.* Perswade your selfe to it, but I shall never give you cause to thinke so, yet I will ever respect you, and be ready to doe you any usuall courtesie.

*Aymwell.* Well I thanke you that I have  
so

so farre thrived in my sure; I hope hereafter  
to get deeper into your favour.

Widdow, Your hope is built upon a false  
foundation, and had I knowne your intent,  
I would not have held discourse with you so  
long; I must leave your company.

Aymwell, Let me rather take my leave of  
you, and seal a kisse upon your lippe until I vi-  
sit you againe, for no mortall widdow shall dis-  
courage me, but I will come againe about that  
business.

To excuse some offence to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwell, I must acknowledge I was  
somewhat too bold to enforce a kisse  
from you, in the presence of other friends;  
but I pray excuse my passion, and let your  
mercy be shewed in pardoning, as my folly  
was in offending.

Pen. Sir, It was so great a trespassse, and so  
directly aym'd against my white fame and repu-  
tation, that no repentance can satisfie for a  
fault of that nature.

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of for-  
givenessse, or if your wrath cannot be other-  
wise satisfied, enioyne me some penance, as  
great

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great as your anger, whereby I may recover your lost favour, and make it appear, how sorry I am for committing so rash an offence.

Penelope. *May, you may enjoy that kiss violently took from me before so many witnesses; but never any more.*

Aym. I must confesse it was my rashness, but if you will that I repay it backe againe, I will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Penelope. *Well, since you are so willing to repent, and to shew unfained sorrow, I must needs accept them for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more carefull of my credit, and never againe to make so bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, since your words are a law, which I dare not transgresse, for I am in all things, your obedient servant.

The



*The Lovers farewell.*

*Leonora.*

**A**las I Sir, is this the houre then, when the severe rigour of your absence must eclipse my dayes of their bright beames? Oh how this sad newes doth fire my spirits I and not without reason, since you to whom I had wholly consecrated my selfe, will not deigne a mercifull eye on my sufferings for your absence.

*Florestan.* Mistris, Feare not, but rest assured, that so long as life will give me leave to enjoy the Sunnes brightnesse, never shall any other have power over me; doe me onely the favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelity, you will be pleased to render me some reall promises of yours. Besides, I protest to you, Lady, I will never acknowledge any other light then yours, no more than the Earth doth other then the Sun.

*Leon.* Sir, They are no false promises that I have made you, but true assurances,

drawne

drawne from my heart by the force of my passion. And know, that all things here beneath shall sooner change their naturall inclinations, then in me shall be scene any alteration from the resolution I have made to love you: heaven it selfe shall be my witnes.

*Florestan: If Mistris, you love mee thus, let your mind bee confident of an equall troth from me: and should you doubt of my affections, I will give you my soule for pledge, and my heart for sacrifice, to shew you that my words are unsained, I pray you therefore accept of this small gift, not as a thing worthe of merit, but onely as a sufficient testimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you; and being a thing so small and unworthy of you, it will therefore bee the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

*Leonora. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall doe beseech you also to receive this in requitall, for a remembrance of me, which is of small value, but bee mov'd to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth, shall not live but through your sole remembrance.*

*Florest. Thanks to you, sweetest, the gift truly is pleasing to me, but the giver much more.*

*Leonora,*

*Leonor.* But, Sir, Is there no meanes to stay yon for a little time, that I might enjoy your prefence, which stands me instead of light and life, therefore your absence will envelope me with darkenesse, and bring upon mee (poore soule that I am) a thousand grievous deaths.

*Florest.* Mistris, I hope, not so, for I am constrained through necessity of my businesse to depart hence.

*Leon.* Oh, I see now too well, that that constancy of yours, which I trusted to for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vanished, to give present vent to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighs and teares for true and burning testimonies of the sorrow I have, to see my selfe about to be forsaken by him, by whom only I breath.

*Fl.r.* Mistris, I sweare to you, my heart is alike touch'd with such strokes for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for griefe of it, and doe already see I have lost my eye sight, in the losse of the sight of your Star-like beautie. For sure I am, that once absent from your luminous aspect, each pleasure will be to mee a subject, of griefe and sorrow. However, since it will now, be no otherwise I shall so part with  
you

you, as that my will shall never depart from your service. Therefore farewell, deare Mistris, live still happy and content whilst I languish, unhappy though constant: let not that my remembrance alter your minde, no more than it shall stick the resolution I have long since made to live and die yours: for, for mine owne part, I shall not think my selfe absent from you so long, as I shal keep a room in your heart and memory.

Leo. Farewell, Sir, you possesse my soule; and I doe even leave it in your power conserving it for a more happy season then this of parting: in the meane space, have pittie on all the bloody griefes which the meere apprehension of your absence makes me already feele so vehemently, for I think it very strang to leave him, whose company is dearer to me then my life. But to make an end of this discourse; I do beseech you, Sir, and even conjure you, by the sweetnes of that love I have borne you, and will all my life long devote to you, for my cruell feares, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your absence: for in reading your letters, I shall perswade my selfe that I am not wholly deprived of you.

F. And so you, Mistris, I will give you so  
many

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many Letters, for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I beare you, that you shall have no cause to distrust. And so I pray God to make you the happiest alive; even as he hath made you the fairest, and most accomplished: and that hee also give you the grace, to conserve mee in your most desired favour, that I may bee able continually to witnesse, how violent my affection is towards you.

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithfull to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease remembring you of the force and heate of my affection, and entreat you to pitie my martyrdom, and that wheresoever you are, you will bee mindfull of me. And so once more, I pray God grant you such prosperities, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

F. Rest assured, sweet Mistris, to be beloved, though not equall to your merit, to whose height it is impossible my affection can raise it selfe.

Quest.

Questions with their answers resolving  
the doubts of Lovers.

**Q**uest. *What is Love?*

*Ans.* It is the receptacle of pensive  
minde, a passion that bindes the spirits.

*Quest.* *What is the greatest recompence a  
Woman can make a man.*

*Ans.* To reveale to him her secrets, and  
make him Lord over her body.

*Quest.* *How must a man behave himselfe a-  
mongst Ladies?*

*Ans.* He must be bold and hardy.

*Quest.* *Why is Love painted blind.*

*Ans.* Because the actions of love can-  
not be hid or dissembled.

*Quest.* *Why be the secrets of Love so easily  
kept?*

*Ans.* For the great sweetnesse men find  
in them.

*Quest.* *Who is most secret in the sports of  
Love?*

*Ans.* Women, since it so neerely touches  
their modesty.

*Quest.*



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Quest. What is the meat of perfect Lovers?

Ans. Sighes and teares.

Quest. Why have old men the repulse of young women.

Ans. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their griefe.

Quest. Why do Lovers wax pale?

Ans. From the passions of the mind.

Quest. Why doe they picture Cupid with wings?

Ans. Because the desires of Lovers do tend alwayes to high things.

Quest. Why do Lovers write amorous sonnets one to another in Rime?

Ans. Because Poetrie is the friend of Love.

Quest. Why doe women love them most dearly that bid their maiden heads?

Ans. Because by the conjunction of the men they gaine perfection.

Quest. Wherefore are amorous women more ticklish then others?

Ans. Because their skins are most loose, soft and delicate.

Quest. How cometh it to passe that women newly married the first night are so loth to goe to bed and rise the next day so lusty and joyfull.

Ans.

*Answ.* It proceeds from the perfection of the man which they having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

*Quest.* Why doe men kisse the eyes of them they affect.

*Answ.* Because they were the first beginners of Love.

*Quest.* Why doe many love fervently, yet are not beloved againe?

*Answ.* By reason their complexions cannot agree.

*Quest.* Why should we not place our loves on those that be so young?

*Answ.* Because they are so inconstant and ever more curious of new servants.

*Quest.* How comes it that he that is soon taken with love doth soon forget it.

*Answ.* He is like one who rides a gallop, and by and by, waxeth weary.

*Quest.* Why doe men say that Love is a perfect musitian?

*Answ.* Because he tuneth the spirits that before had no agreement.

*Quest.* What is the greatest pleasure that a true lover can feele?

*Answ.* To thinke that he is borne to serve and please his Lady

*Quest.*

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*Quest. Wherefore be all things more disposed to love in the spring time, then in any other seasons?*

*Answ. Because then the humours doe move themselves and the blood doth wax hot.*

*Quest. Wherefore are the Angers of Lovers of so little continuance.*

*Answ. Because they fall out for trifles.*

*Quest. Wherefore doe the Ancients paint Love with flowers in one hand and fish in another?*

*Answ. To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.*

*Quest. Why are men rather Amorous then women?*

*Answ. Because they are of hotter complexions, and their spirits are more quicke and prompt.*

*Quest. Wherefore be all the joyes of Lovers uncertaine?*

*Answ. Because in Love are divers casualties, Icalousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.*

*Quest. Why is it that secret Love is more burning then that which is discovered?*

*Answ. Because in the one a fire doth consume*

firm but in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

*Quest.* Whether is more constant in Love, the man or the woman?

*Ans.* The man being both of body and spirit more firme.

*Quest.* Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?

*Ans.* Out of the feare they have to displease their Ladies.

*Quest.* Wherefore is it that a man being touched with Love cannot rid himselfe of that passion by any denying?

*Ans.* Because a certaine sweet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, and with a certaine admiration winds him into the nets of Love.

*Quest.* Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to weep?

*Ans.* Because by nature they are fearful, suspicious, jealous and alwaies troubled.

*Quest.* Why be women so prone to yield to Love?

*Ans.* Because nature hath indued them with a delicate touch, with complexions hot and moyst, things most requisite for the recreations of Venus.

Complementall and Amorous  
P O E M S.

Encomiums on the Beauty of his

M I S T R E S S.

F A I R E R then Wacks Lover at the will,  
Brighter then inside Barges of new hewn Cedar;  
Sweeter then flames of fire perfumed with Mirrhe,  
And comelier then The Silver Clouds that dance  
On Zephirus wings before the King of Heavens;  
Tis she doth reach those Torches to burn bright  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
As a rich Jewel in the Ethiopes Ear,  
Beauty so rich for use, for Love more deare,  
So shoves a snowy Dove crooping with Crowns,  
As this my Mistris, ore her fellowes shoves.  
Since her whole bodies frame hath power to have moved,  
The chaste Hippolytus her to have Loved,  
In summe her parts are white as Milke,  
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as Silke,  
O who can her perfections tell  
In whom alone all graces dwell

On her Haire,

H E R Haires reflex with red streaks paints the skies,  
Stars fall to scatch fresh Duster from her eyes,  
Whilst eare those golden threds play with her breath,  
Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death.

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*On her Lockes*

**H**er lockes being placed like a fleece of wooll,  
Are full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

*On her forehead.*

**H**er stately front was figured from above,  
Majestick faire well polish'd high and pale,  
Pure white that duns the Lillies of the Vale.

*On her face.*

**H**er face like Cinthias when in full the fullness,  
And blushing to her Love mates bowres declineth.  
Such brightnesse hath her Angels face,  
Can make a sunne-shine in a shady place.

*On the colour of her face.*

**S**uch color hath her face, as when the sunne,  
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

*On her eye-browes and Cheeks.*

**E**ach eye-brow hangs like Iris in the skies,  
On either Cheeke a rose and Lilly lyes.

*Another*



*Another on her eye-browes and Breath.*

HER bright Browes drive the sunne to clouds beneath,  
Sweet morn'g and evening dew falls from her breath.

*On her eye-Liddes.*

FOR Arches be two heavenly Liddes,  
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

*On her eyes.*

Her eyes the contraditors of the night,  
Like Marigolds, unheath their glorious light.

*Another on the same.*

TWO Jetty sparkes where Cupid chastly hides,  
His subtile shafts that from his quiver glides.  
Piercing the breasts of others yet they be  
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

*On her smiles.*

HER smiles so sweet and nice,  
On earth doe make a heavenly Paradise.

*On her Cheekes.*

**H**er Cheekes like Roses Enrich'd in Wine,  
Or golden Clouds upon the Azure Skins.

*Another on the same.*

**H**er Cheekes with blushing Clouds compar'd,  
Aurora's self may boast of them.

*On her Nose and Breasts.*

**H**er Eagles Nose is full of stately frame,  
Her Breasts are full of perfumes of holy flame.

*On her Chin.*

**H**er Chin like this like to the plant white  
Is Lovess pleasure and the lovers delight.

*On her Eares.*

**O**n these meanders if you gaze,  
You soone will read a Lovers maze.

*On her Lippes.*

**H**er lippes like Roses over-washt with dew,  
Doe by her breath their beauties still renew.

On

*On her Lippes and Necke.*

**H**Er Lips more red then Corall Bones,  
Her Necke's more white then aged swans thar none.  
O Who those ruddy lippes can misse,  
Which blessed still themselves doe kisse.

*On her mouth.*

**S**Wees mouth thar sendest a musike-rosed breath  
Whose every word darts me aliving death.

*On her mouth and teeth.*

**W**thin the compasse of this holow sweet,  
Those orient rankes of silver Pearles doe meet.

*On her breath.*

**S**He breaths forth flowers, she makes the spring,  
Perfumes the aire and comforts every thing.

*On her tongue and words.*

**H**Er words doe fall like summer dewes on me,  
Her tongue strikes musike-sweetest harmony.

*On her teeth.*

**H**Er lips nere part, but that they show,  
Of precious pearles a double row.

*On her Speech.*

**I**N all her words such virtues couched be,  
The learned dispute fetch their philology.

*On her voice.*

**A** Voice which doth the throshes shrillnesse staine,  
And makes declining Nature young againe.

*On her Neck.*

**H**ER Neck is like an Ivory shining Tower,  
Or like delight that doth it selfe devour.

*On her Shoulders.*

**T**Hese pearching squares with silver skin,  
Doe passe the harte spot Armelin.

*On her Armes.*

**H**ER Twinn-like armes, chat stainelesse paire,  
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

*On her Hands.*

**H**ERE azured vaines doe use to stray,  
With pretty Cupids every way,  
Moyst pearle warme snow smooth Ivory,  
Within these strange compactes doe lye.

*On her fingers.*

**L**ONG small made fit for Orpheus Lute,  
Which made the savage tigers mute.

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### On her actions.

**H**er deeds are like great clusters of ripe grapes,  
Which lead the bunches of the fruitful vine,  
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,  
And fill the same with store of cloying wine.

### On her breasts.

**H**er breasts those Ivory Globes circled with blew,  
Save of their Lord no beaming youke they know.

### On her Pappes.

**H**er pappes are like faire Apples in their prime,  
And from those sweets, Love suckles his summer chime.

### On her good thoughts.

**H**er mindfull breast perfumes with frankincense,  
And sweetest odors every fainting sense.

### On her waste and Ribbes.

**F**itly so named since it doth waste,  
Mans lives unwillit be embrac'd;  
Her ribbes with white all armed be,  
Compact with curious symmetric.

On

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## On her lips and pteb.

**H**er lovely skin is white like Cardus new dress,  
And her face is soft as new dress.

## On her Navell.

**H**ere Love delights the wandering thought,  
Whilst that mine eyes stray are brought:  
Since Naxos here would faine chime,  
In curious circles be faine.

## On her belly.

**M**ost beautifull seat of Virgin wance,  
Piercing still the impression lacken;  
This place my fence with joy doth fill,  
Since tis inticled Cupids hill:  
From hence a softly passage I have loth flow,  
To stranger pleasures that are plac'd below.

## On her wombe.

**H**er Maiden wombe the hidden house of pleasure,  
O blet is his way search that secret treasure.

## On her thighs.

**T**hese are the subjects that doe fit,  
The Genius of an Ovids wit,  
Whose hanches smooth as to the glasse,  
The Albion elixes in whitensse passe.



# of Complements. 137

## On her eyes.

**T**hese knots of joy and gems of Love,  
With motion makes all hearts move.

## On the calves of her legges.

**M**arke well how faire the flesh doth rise,  
In her brave calves like cheffins shies.

## On the small of her legges.

**V**iew but her Atlas smallest small,  
More white then whiteresse of all.

## On her feet.

**H**er feet so short tender little round,  
On earth a finer paire cannot be found.

## The conclusion.

**T**hus every part imparts a grace,  
And beaurty dwels in every place.

## Loves month.

**M**ay is not Loves month, May is full of flowers,  
But dropping Aprill, Love is full of showers.

*Defin.*

*Definition of Love.*

**L**ove is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,  
Where pleasure paine and sad repentance dwell.

*Love will out.*

**T**he light of hidden fire is selfe discovers,  
And love that is conceal'd betraies poore Lovers.

*The parting of Lovers.*

**L**overs well wot what grieve it is to part,  
When twice two bodies lye yeth but one heart,  
And Lovers say the heart hath double wrong,  
When it is hard the assistance of the tongue.

*The Inconstancy of Affections.*

**L**ove well is said to be, A life in death,  
That laughs and weepes, and all but in one breath.

*The quality of Love.*

**L**ove is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not grosse to sink but light, and will aspire.

*What Love is.*

**L**ove is a golden bubble full of dreames,  
That waking breakes and fills us with extremes.

*Lovers*

# of Complements. 139

*Lovers delight to be alone.*

**L**overs best like to see themselves alone,  
Or with their loves; if needs they must have one.

*Vowes of Lovers.*

**W**E know not how to love, till love unblind us,  
And vowes made ignorantly never bind us.

*Impossibility of concealing Love.*

**T**he sight of hidden fire it selfe discovers,  
And Love that is conceal'd betrayes poore lovers.

*On one sick with Love.*

**W**hen Venus strikes with beauty to the quicke,  
Few are the cares for such as are Love sicke.

*The errors of Lovers.*

**A**LL men doe erre because that men they be,  
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

*What Love is.*

**L**ove is a subtile influence,  
Whose small force still hangeth in suspence.

*Love*

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*Love admits of no contrary arguments.*

**L**ove hates all arguments differing still,  
For scarce shall reason with a sourest will.

*What Love is.*

**L**ove is a blinded god, an angry Boy,  
A slave to beauties will, a mischievous toy;  
A Ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,  
A private hell, a very Sea of lust.

*Another definition of Love.*

**L**ove is a soure delight, a sugred grieve,  
A breach of reasons Law, a secret Thiefe,  
A living death, a waking dying life;  
A Sea of tears, an everlasting strife:  
A bait for fooler, A scourge of noble wits,  
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

*The Effect of Love.*

**T**his is the least effect of Cupids dart,  
To change the mind by wounding of the heart.

*Cruelty of Love.*

**L**ove is not full of mercy as men say,  
But deaf and cruell where he means to prey.

*The*

# of Complements. 141

## The parting of Lovers.

**L**oves goes to love with whole heart from about book,  
But love from love towards Schoole with heavy looks.

## A Maxime.

**T**is folly by our wisest worldlings proved,  
If not to gaine by love to be beloved.

## The Consistency of Lovers.

**O**nce learne to love, the lesson is but plaine,  
And being learnt is never lost againe.

## The Force of Love.

**W**ere beauty under womey lockes kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

## Of Musike and Love.

**A**s without breath no pipe doth move,  
No musike's kindly without Love.

## Love finds an opportunity.

**W**hen Love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,  
They cleave the tale to find an opportunity.

Offers

*Offers of Love not to be refused.*

**O**ccasions winged and ever flyeth fast,  
 Comming the smiles, and frownes once being past,

*Patience of Lovers.*

**N**e may indure, for when the paine is past,  
 Reward though long it stay yet comes at last.

*Sorrows of Lovers.*

**S**ighes are the easie calamity affords,  
 Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

*Tears of Lovers.*

**S**eld speaketh Love but sighs his secret pains,  
 Teares are his speech men would doe make him tremble,  
 Yet womens teares fall when they most dissemble.

*On frozen affection.*

**T**here where the hearts Asturny once is mute,  
 The Client breakes, As desperate of his suite.

*Of true and false Love.*

**T**ru Love's a Saint, so shall you true Love know,  
 False love's a Scirbian yet a Saint in show.

*The perseverance of a Lover.*

**D**iff're being Plooe and bright beautes price,  
 Who can leave sinking where such creature lies!



# of Complements. 143

## *The beginnings of Love.*

**F**aire beauty is the sparke of hot desire,  
And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

## *On Lust.*

**L**ust makes oblivion, beateth reason backe,  
Forgetteth shames, pure blush and honors wracke.

## *On Virginity.*

**T**he ripest Corne dies if it be not reapt,  
Beauty alone is lost too early kept.

## *A cruell Misfris.*

**N**othing so ill becomes the faire,  
As cruelty which yeelds unto no prayer.

## *On Coynesse.*

**A** way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,  
A frowne forbids, a smile engendreth Love.

## *On Amber.*

**F**aire words and power attractive beauty,  
Brings men to wanton in subjective duty.

*On Jealousie.*

Where Jealousie in basest minds doth dwell,  
The metall Vulcans Cyclops seat from hell.

*On pleasures.*

Something must still be left to cheare our sinne,  
And give a Touch of what should not have bin;  
And they that know, but pleasures price,  
Alls one, a prison of a Paradise.

*On Chastity.*

The unstained vail which Innocents adorne,  
The ungathered rose defended with the thorne.

*Another on the same.*

Penelope in spending chaste her dayes,  
As worthy as Vlisses was of praise.

*On the Court.*

Thither let Phoebus sunnes resort,  
Where shines their Father here in Loves great Court.

*On her delaying marriage.*

Where hearts be knit what helps if not to injoy?  
Delay breeds doubts, no coming to be coy.

*On Desires.*

What can be said that Lovers cannot say?  
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

# of Complements. 345

## On Misfortunes.

**T**He man that still amidst misfortunes stands,  
Is sorrowes slave and bound in lalling band.

## On fate.

**T**hey fall which trust to fortune's fickle wheele,  
But stand by vertue men shall never feele.

## On dislaine.

**I**N high dislaine Love is a base desire,  
And Cupids flames doe burne harrowy fire.

## On the Power of iurw.

**T**hars eye the tongue of an accusers gudge,  
And soft the rigor of the scotch Iudge.

## On Musicks.

**M**usicks can hardly please humane eares,  
When strings are broke, and eyes are fill'd with teares.

## On Condemned grise.

**D**rops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,  
But by oft falling weares it out at length.

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## On Marriage.

**M**aydes doe take more delight when they prepare,  
And think of wives states then when wives they are

## On pleasures and griefes.

**P**leasures like posting guests make but small stay,  
Where griefes bide long and leave a score to pay.

## On Youth.

**Y**outh learns to change the course that he hath run,  
When he perceives and knowes what age hath done.

## On a modest faire one.

**B**launtie's cheekes are, yee it is too bad,  
When in it false civility is had,  
It was not made to please the wandering eye,  
But an attire to serve sweet modesty.  
If modesty and women once doe sever,  
Farewell our fame, farewell our name for ever.

## On his Will.

**I**t lives not in my power to love or hate,  
For will in me is over-ruled by fate.

## On the losse of Virginity.

**J**ewels being lost, we find againe, this never,  
Tis lost but once, and once lost for ever.

## On Women.

**L**ike Wolves and beasts be cruell in their kinds,  
But women meeke and have relenting minds.

On

# of Complements. 147

## *On coy dames.*

Hate and disdain is painted in their eyes,  
Deceit and treason in their bosome lyes.

## *Inconstancy of Women.*

They melt with words as wax against the sunne,  
So weake are many womens modellies,  
That what sometimes they most would seeme to shield,  
Another time poore soules unaskt they yeeld.

## *Another on the same.*

Women have tongues of craft and hearts of guile,  
They will, they will not, hell is in their smile.

## *On Lust.*

Vlt never takes a joy in what is due,  
But still leaves knowne delights to seeke out new.

## *On Virginity.*

Like untun'd golden strings faire women are,  
Which lying long untoucht will harshly lar.

## *Modesty of women.*

Though men can cover crimes with their sterne lookes,  
Purp women's faces are their owne fault bookes.

## *On a womans teares.*

A Womans teares are falling stars at night,  
No sooner seene but quickly out of sight.

*A Constant Woman.*

**C**onstant in Love who tryes a womans mind,  
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

*Passions of a Woman.*

**A** womans passions, both the fire resemble,  
Never alike, they burne if they digresse.

*On the fading of Beauty.*

**T**he fairest flowers of Beauty fades away,  
Like the fresh Lillie in the sunne-shine day.

*Another on the same.*

**F**aire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

*On the power of Beauty.*

**T**he Libian Lions loose their strength might,  
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

*Women envie one another's Beauty.*

**I**t is a common rule that women never  
Love beauty in their Sexe, but envy it ever.

*On a Beauty cloister'd up.*

**T**hings much retain'd do make us most desire them,  
And beauties fildoms secret make us admire them.



## of Complements. 149

### *On Beauty in meane aires.*

**I**T is decreed that features shall consent,  
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

### *On Beauty not enjoyed.*

**N**ever were Cheekes of Roses lockes of Amber,  
Ordained to live imprisoned in a Chamber.

### *Beauties for the Court.*

**I**n vaine our friends from this doe us dehort,  
For beauty will be where it most resort.

### *Beauties not to be confined.*

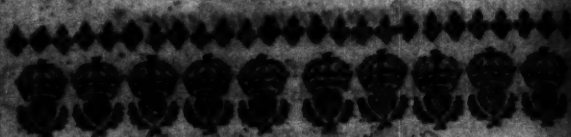
**H**eaven made Beauty like her selfe to view,  
Not to be lockt up in a smoakie new.  
A Rosie tained feature is heavens gold,  
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

### *On the excellency and power of Beauty.*

**B**eauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,  
And makes a man that else would be a beast.

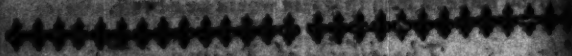
### *The effects of Beauty.*

**B**eauty in heaven and earth this grace doth winne,  
It supplees rigor, and it lessens finne.



*A wooing fit in verse.*

**H E**, Much adoe I have god-wor,  
 I would love but thou wilt not.  
**S H E**, Reason, Sir, Men are not sure,  
**H E**, Why was any false to you,  
 Sweetest I have lov'd thee long;  
**S H E**, Yet Sir, Love should doe no wrong.  
**H E**, Prethee sweet come kisse me then,  
**S H E**, No Sir, Maydes must kisse no men.  
**H E**, I the Heavens for witnessse crave,  
**S H E**, They will shine cleere, though you'r a knave.  
**H E**, Never loved a truer youth,  
**S H E**, Men doe not alwayes speake the truth.  
**H E**, Nv all those voweas that Lovers use,  
**S H E**, Thus they protest yett doe abuse.  
 And still oft maides are deluded,  
 When with kisses Love's concluded.



*A discourse of Love in verse.*

**B E**, When will Love be voyd of feares?  
**B E**, When Jealousie hath neither eyes nor cares.  
**T E**, When is Love most malecontent,  
**T E**, When Lovers range and heare their bowes unbent.  
**B E**, Tell me when Love is best fed,  
**T E**, When it hath suckt the sweet that ease hath bred.  
 B E.

# of Complements. 151

- BEL. When is lovers time ill spent,  
 TEL. When Love doth earn't yet takes no rent,  
 BEL. When is time well spent in Love,  
 TEL. When deeds enfeeble, and words worke Love,  
 BEL. What callst thou Love, I prethee tell,  
 TEL. It is a fountain and that well,  
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell,  
 It is a worke on holly day,  
 It is December march'd with May.  
 BEL. I prethee faire one doe not faile,  
 TEL. It is a sun-shine mixt with raine,  
 It is a touch-eck or like game,  
 It is a yes, it is a Nay,  
 A pretty kind of sporting fray,  
 BEL. Come, come, lie heere no more, away.

## Another short wooing fit in verse.

- S. Sweet soule to whom I vowed am a slave,  
 Let me the enjoyment of my wishes have.  
 M. Sweet Sir, Let not a wretch that is so poore,  
 Expect to hold up treasure for his store.  
 S. Yet still take heed lest thou thy selfe subvert,  
 M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.  
 S. Prethee be silent, beauty takes in rent.  
 M. But folly bought is worse then money spent.  
 S. Well for this once, Ile take thee as thou art,  
 M. For rather for poorer agreed, mine owne sweet heart.

## The feares and resolutions of two Lovers.

- D. What wouldst thou with tell me deere lover,  
 W. How I might but thy thoughts discover.  
 D. If my firme Love, I were denying,  
 Tell me with sighes, wouldst thou be dying?  
 S. Those words in Iust to heare thee speaking,  
 For very griefe this heart is breaking.  
 D. Yet wouldst thou change? I prethee, tell me,  
 In seeing one that did excell me?

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- S. O no, for how can I aspire,  
To more than to my own degree:  
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,  
Though I doe sweare, yet I nor believe me.  
D. Imagine that thou dost not love me,  
But some beauty that's above me.  
S. To such A thing sweet do not will me,  
The naming of the same will kill me.  
D. Forgive me first one, Love hath fears,  
S. I doe forgive, withalle these tears.



## The wooing of a coy Dame.

- R. **T**He canst my sweet thou dost deny,  
M. Because thou dost not please my eye.  
R. Thy reason why to me impart,  
M. Thou dost offend and grieve my heart.  
R. There is no heart so fierce and hard,  
M. Nor person of so small regard.  
R. The reason, dost thy Love conceale,  
M. Thou dost torment my very soule.  
R. O Remedy my loving smart,  
M. He keeps such danger from my heart.  
R. Why dost thou thus thy beauty keepe,  
M. It will destroy it, Sir, to weepe.  
R. My passions dost thou mock at too?  
M. Farewell Sir, without more to doe.

*A contention betweene a Wife, a  
Widow, and a Maide.*

**W**ife if to be borne a maide be such a grace,  
So was I borne, and grac'd by nature too;  
But seeking more perfection to embrace,  
I did become a Wife, as others doe.

**WID.** And if the Maide and Wife such honour have,  
I have bin both, and hold a third degree,  
I have bin both, and hold a third degree,  
Most maidens are warts, and every Wife a slave;  
I have my liberty full, and I am free.

**MAID** That is the fault that you have maidens beene,  
And were not content to continue so,  
The falls of Angels did increase their sin;  
In that they did so pure a state forgoe.

**WIF.** Why marriage is an honourable state,

**WID.** And widow-hood is a more true degree;

**MAID.** But maiden-head that will admit no mate,  
Like majesty is false must sacred be.

**WIFE.** The wife is mistress of her family;

**WID.** Much more the Widow, for she rules alone;

**MAID.** But Mistress of my own desires am I;  
When you rule others will, and not your own.

**WIFE.** Only the Wife enjoys the virtuous pleasure,

**WID.** The Widow can abstaine from pleasures knowne,

**MAID.** But the uncorrupted maide preserves such measure  
As being by pleasures we'd the cares for none.

**WIFE.** The wife is as a Diamond richly set,

**MAID.** The mayd unset, doth yet more rich appeare;

**WID.** The Widow a Jewel in the Cabinet.

Which though not worne is still esteem'd as deare,  
**WIFE.** The wife doth Love and is beloved againe,

**WID.** The Widow is awake out of that dreame,

**MAID.** The mayds white mind hath never such a stain.

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No passion troubles her cleare vertues stream,  
**WID.** Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitlesse bay,  
**MAID.** And what's a Widdow? But a rosclesse bryer,  
 And what are wivres, but wood-bindes which decay,  
 Yea flately Oakes, which by themselves aspire.  
**WID.** Wives are as birds in golden cages kept,  
**WIFE.** Yet in those Cages cheerefully they sing.  
**WID.** Widdowes are birds out of those Cages kept.  
 Whose joyfull notes make all the Forrest ring.  
**MAID.** But Maids are birds amidst the Woods secure,  
 Which no mans hand could touch nor yet could take,  
 Nor whistle could deceive, nor baite allure,  
 But free unto themselves doe musicks make.  
**WIFE.** The Wife is as a Turtle with her mate,  
**WID.** The widdow as the widdow dove alone,  
 Whose woe thins most in her forsaken state.  
**MAID.** The maid a Phoenix, and is still but one.  
**WIFE.** The wifes a soule unto her body tied.  
**WID.** The widdow a soule departed into blisse.  
**MAID.** The mayd an Angell which was stilled.  
 And now to assure a house defended is.  
**WIFE.** Wives are faire houses kept and furnished well,  
**WID.** Widdowes old Castles void, but full of state.  
**M.** But maides are temples where the gods doe dwell.  
**WIFE.** An office well supplied is like a wife.  
**WID.** The widdow like a gainfull office voyd.  
**MAID.** But maids are like consecration in this life.  
 Which all the world hath sought but none enjoy'd.  
**MAID.** Get wife to Dawson, and demand thy hire  
**WID.** Get gentle mayd, and lead the ape in hell.  
**WIFE.** Get widdow, make some younger brother rich.  
 And shee take change, and dye, and all is well.  
**WIFE.** Alas poore maid, thou hast no helpe nor stay.  
**WID.** Alas poore wife thou nothing dost possesse,  
**MAID.** Alas poore widdow, charity doth say,  
 Pitye the widdow and the fatherless.  
**WIFE.** We wives have children, what a joy is this?  
**WID.** Widdowes have children too, but maids have none.  
**MAID.** No more have Angels, yet they have more blisse.  
 Then ever yet in mortall earth was knowne.  
**WIFE.** The wife is like a faire manured field,

**WID.**



W I D. The widow once was such, but now doth rest,

M. The maid like Paradise undrest until'd,  
Beares crops of native vertue in her brest.

W. Who would not dye a wife as Lucrece did,

W I D. Or live a widow as Penelope,

MA I D. Or be a mayd, and so be flattered,

As all the virtues and the graces be!

W. Wives are like Apples serv'd in golden dishes,

W I D. Widdowes good wine which time makes better much.

M. But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes.

W. But that they grow so high as none can touch.

W. I have a daughter equals you my girl.

M. The daughter doth excell the mother then,

As peares are better than the mother of pearle.

Maydes lose their valour when they match with men.

A maids the perfect'st of created things,

The purest gold that suffers no Alloy,

The sweetest flower that on earths bosome springs,

The pearle unbor'd whose price, no price can pay,

The Christall glasse that will never come holl,

The mirror wherein Angels Love so looks,

Disperses bathing fountains cleare and cold,

Beauties fresh rose, and vertues living booke,

W. Maids cannot judge because they cannot tell,

What comfort and what joyes in marriage be.

M. Yes, yes, though blessed saint in heaven doe dwell,

They doe the soules in Purgatory see,

W. There Never was a wife that lik't her lee,

W I D. Nor widow but was clad in mourning weeds,

M. Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,

both this estate, and that repentance breeds.

*A Lover and his Mistress.*

**L** Over, Whilst thou dost Love me, and that neck of thine  
More white and soft then Roses ever downe,  
Did weare a neck lace of no armes but mine;  
I envied not the king of Spaine his Crowne;

**MIST.** Whilst of thy heart, I was sole sovaigne,  
And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise;  
Which now poore Maid thou dost so much disdain:  
I envied not the Queene of Englands fame;

**LOV.** What though I sue to thee againe for grace;  
And sing thy praises sweeter then before,  
If I within my heart imprint thy face,

Will thou love me againe, and love me more?

**MIST.** Thou shalt be thus againe my morning Star,  
Though lighter yet then Morning Cocks thou be;  
And then the Irish Sea will carry us  
With thee: 'Tis I will so live and die with thee.

*A Lovers discourse with his heart.*

**L.** **S** Hee's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree,  
**H.** Not nature now, but Love doth governe me.  
**L.** What if her heart be hard, she stop her cares,  
**H.** Ile sigh aloud, and make it soft with cares.  
**L.** Why then despaire, goe pack thee hence away,  
**H.** I live in hope to have a happie day.

*A Discourse betweene a Lover,  
Death, and Cupid.*

- L. Come gentle death. D: who calls. L: ones oppress,  
D. What is thy will L: that thou abridge my woe;  
By cutting off my life D: cease thy request.  
I cannot kill thee yet: L: Alas, Why so.  
D. Thou wast thy heart L: Who stole that same away,  
D. Love whom thou servest. L: Entreat him if thou may.  
L. Come Cupid, come C: Who calleth me so oft,  
Thy Vassall true whom thou shouldst know by right,  
C. What makes thy cry so faint: L: My voice is so ft.  
Quite broke and spent, with crying day and night.  
C. What then, What's thy request: L: that thou restore,  
To me my heart and steale the same no more.  
And thou O death, when I possesse my heart,  
Dispatch me then at once. D: Alas, Why so:  
L. By promise thou art bound to end my paine.  
D. But if thy heart returns, then what's thy woe:  
L. That brought from frost, it never will desire,  
To rest with me that am more hot then fire.

*Upon a scarfe presented.*

Take this scarfe, bind Cupid hand and foot,  
So Love must aske you leave before he shoot.

*Upon a paire of Siffers presented.*

**T**hese Siffers doe your hande-wifery bewray,  
You have to work though you are borne to play.

*Upon a Looking-glasse presented.*

**B**ind fortune doth not see how false you be,  
But gives a glasse that you your false may see.

*Upon a Fanne presented.*

**Y**ou love to see, and yet to be unseen,  
Take then this Fanne, to be your beauties screen.

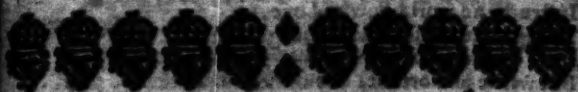
*On a plain gold Ring presented.*

**F**ortune doth lead you hap or ill,  
This plain gold Ring to wed you to your will.

*Upon a paire of Bracelets presented.*

**L**et your hande not fallen into a snare,  
For Cupids manacles these Bracelets are.

Comple-



*Complementall and amorous Letters.*

*A Letter to renew affection.*

**A**lthough I am assur'd I cannot dye,  
In your remembrance, yet I feare least I  
Am like a picture veiled from the light,  
And so can yeeld no pleasure to the sight.  
Letters are Cupids Bellowes that doe blow  
Lovers affections, untill they doe grow  
Into a flame, these doe let lovers find,  
The absent bodies pleasures by the mind.  
O let me then within your thoughts revive,  
And though we are far distant, let us strive  
To meet in soules. Let love convey me to you,  
For in a dream, thus I may see and wee you.  
Till I doe meet againe by fairs direction,  
With you the Minis of my hearts affection.



*A Letter to perswade one to be  
Constant.*

**C**onstant Love and verue are,  
In their qualities alike,  
Each in darknes night shines faire,  
Like to starres which shone and strike  
Through the skies, so love will be,  
Most knowne in sad adversity.

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Therefore Love, keepe still one minde,  
Instru'd the world how to Love,  
Though nature doth new changes end,  
Like a center never move,  
But while misfortunes doe come round;  
About thee, be thou constant found,  
Love is like a sacred flame,  
Which quenched, can hardly be renew'd,  
But is evermore the same,  
Then let constancy be shew'd,  
Virtue sets upon a square,  
And constant friends still constant are.  
Remember all our oaths and vowes,  
The bond which I on thy lips seal'd;  
Heaven no perjury allows.  
False hearts shall be at length revealed,  
Though plaine will close our hearts divide,  
They in a true Love knot are tie'd.

## A Letter to Mr. Mordaunt from our that

I In your beauty fairst, as the weale  
Your father meant to give you, but you know  
That I doe court, you have a stocke of beauty,  
Which doth exalt from me most humble duty,  
You have a smiling eye, whose every beam,  
Exceeds the glistering sands of Tagus streame.  
You have a most smooth tempting cherry lip,  
From whence great Love himselfe may nectar sip,  
Such a fresh colour in your Cheeke is spread,  
That Rosts blush for anger and that stand  
To see themselves exceed'd while I live grow,  
High colour'd, to thinke nature thus so good,  
Such beauties on you, with which to compare  
Flowers bright lustres but eclipsed are.

Place



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Since thy faire cheekes are but by them let forth,  
This pale that blushing at thy admired worth.  
A house to high soft thoughts, and lowly doth break,  
When you doe wake, and when you please to speake.  
The spheres stand still listening to heare,  
Thy voyces harmony so sweet, so cleare,  
That they doe mend, their tunes thereby,  
To beare with thee a Sympathy.  
Let wretched misers then their treasures locke,  
Within their chests, I love thee in thy smocke,  
Nay wert thou wrapt but in a linnen blanket,  
Thy naked selfe could all my senses banquet.  
Which to confirme, let but thy love be mine,  
Heres heart and hand to witness I am thine.

## A Letter to excuse the not visiting a friend at our departure out of Towne.

**M**Y businesse doth excise this farewel night,  
Of kisses not to want of due respect.  
But to the violence of my affairs,  
That doe transport me hence to meet with cares,  
And make me most unfortunate to be,  
Deprived of your company.  
For in my absence think I doe remaine  
Your servant till I doe returne againe.

Yours, J. S.

M

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## To a Sweetheart farre absent in the Country.

The Country now is happier than the City,  
In seeing thy sweet face which is so pretty,  
That Helmsick fellowes fasting doe gaze on thee,  
As if thou wert some new come dietic,  
He thinks I for that look becom'st what  
Most sweet and lovely, and then asketh what,  
In market is the price of this and that,  
Thou crying hence thou foppes are each idle,  
Which makes my fancy in conceits so idle,  
O think I I thus was in happy case,  
If thou hadst my eyes, or I had thy place,  
Then coming home part of the dinner againe,  
And mak' it thy bed most happy to containe,  
Thy pretty limbes, and then I wish to be,  
Your bed fellow to beare you company,  
Till my dearest sweet heart lovell Dame,  
That dost in feynce, Lasse for feynce,

## A Complimentall Letter sent to a Lady.

MAdeam sure that you are both great and good,  
More noble by your vertues than your blood,  
Whole faults only are the badge and stile,  
Of the fouler worth, which actions best reveale,  
Pardon the high ambition of my Love,  
That scorneth meaner objects, or so move  
In an inferior orb below this sphere,  
Where faire resplendent Venus shines cleare.

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Dost thus advance, and raise it selfe to find  
Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd,  
And thus that my affection should thus faile,  
Baile on a noble ground and on the square,  
Of vertue, this alone implies, I see  
No dung-hill borne but a true Gentleman,  
For never can a narrow mind possesse  
With the opinion that low things here be best,  
And easie in obtaining, hope to meane,  
His love to any object of account,  
Man doth not frame his owne mind any comfite,  
Those soft affections which from beauty flowe,  
Love hath no golden arrow but the beames,  
That from your eyes, she which the fond boy meane  
To shoot at Rovers, and since it chaunced that I  
stood in the way, whilst that his shafts did flye,  
sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,  
For Ladies her wounds by physicians are,  
Did heale those pilgrims whom religion drew,  
To take great Iournes, holy Saints and virgins;  
This superstition made the world a bany,  
But I am confident in you faire Lady,  
That you can heale my prayers, and also cure  
The wound of love, whose torture I endure.  
Then since that you can heale my last complaint,  
Ile be a pilgrim to no other saint.

### A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a Sigh.

Fairest you desire to know  
Why I so often sigh, Hi, Ho,  
It is not to coole loves fire,  
Every sigh doth raise it higher,  
Nor is it to blow my flame,  
Thereby to increase my paine,  
But to shew the reason better,  
In my sigh marks every letter.

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The first H. stands for your hard heart, which is the cause  
 The I. stands for your eye my friend, which is the cause  
 The other H. my heart which is the cause  
 The O, the vowel is your no, which is the cause  
 Thus your hard heart and beauteous eye,  
 And no, which doth my love deny,  
 Are the cause why I doe weake,  
 My heart with fight which only speaks  
 In a language knowne to me,  
 Thus interpreted to be.  
 And now you know the reason why,  
 I doe so often Hi, Ho, cry.

## *A Letter to excuse the abrupt taking of a Kisse.*

If that I did offend and doe amisse,  
 In forcing from you a constrained kisse,  
 Pardon my Love, that thus did think to plead,  
 And in behalfe of me to intercede,  
 Which if it hath offended, at the least  
 Of mercy kisses to be pardoned are.  
 Paired with others, let your creature sup,  
 Richer and best, than you would mercy give.  
 And to my selfe my selfe, happy were I,  
 If I might but so rich a beggar dye.

## *A Letter to request a Courtesie.*

The knowledge of your vertue makes me bold,  
 Upon your favour, and thus to unfold  
 My owne desires, in hope you will be free,  
 In granting of an honest courtesie.

## of Complements. 1651

Since a request which is made to offend,  
Should have just time at a pebble end,  
Such is my suit, for I should blush to owne  
A thought which being to my friend made knowne,  
Should move his anger, therefore let me find  
A true expression of your generous mind  
Adding this carcase to many more,  
Till backe againe, I can the like restore.

### *A Letter to a beautiful Gentlewoman, that was resolved to live and be a Maid.*

**A**Re you so young, so handsome and so pretty,  
And yet resolve to dye a maids tis pitty.  
Nature did give you beauty not to show,  
Vnto the world, but that you might bestow,  
It on some others, and raise up your like,  
Hath Cupid not one arrow left to strike  
Your gentle bosome, or else will you dwell  
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell  
And there for want of natures recreation,  
Commit sinne, by a wanton speculation  
Looke on the Pelicans and Turtle Dove,  
They both are milde, and chaste, yet both doe Love  
Looke on the eglantine and wood-bind tree,  
Circling the Elm, and such a Maid should be  
Who should with sweet embraces gently wind  
About her Lover, while he proves as kind  
And doth fast hold her in his loving armes,  
Whilst true affection both their soft hearts warms  
Then doe not prove an enemy to nature,  
But place your Love on me, divinit creature,  
That being come into the pleasant fields,  
Of Love, may reape the harvest that love yeelds.

For

For if so love you live now, you are dead,  
Then live and love, and love you may live long.

*A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuse of  
long absence.*

**M**Y Valiant fast deserveth blame, not I,  
In robbing me of your bliss company,  
And thus my thoughts leave to fidget and fly,  
Write not to me, but come your self away.  
O could you fancy by imagination,  
The sorrow I sustain in contemplation,  
Of my long absence, how I sigh and groan,  
And oftentimes doe play upon the drone  
Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refresh my wits,  
When they are in sad discontented fits.  
You would then pardon me, who now doe live,  
Forsake in sorrow, and doe sigh, and grieve,  
To thinke on you, whose presence I desire,  
And burne the more, the further from the fire;  
As flowers in winter hide their sleeping head,  
And all their glory is quite vanisht,  
When the bright sunne withdraweth his warme light,  
And leaves the world deprived of his sight,  
So I like to a flower upon the stalks,  
Wither, whilst I in discontent doe walk,  
Wanting that beames of comfort which proceed  
From your faire eyes, that doe both warme and feed,  
My cold distressed heart, for how can I  
Be cheere, deprived of your company?  
I have no excuse now, for I did hold  
My life from you, I gave away and sold,  
My self unto your service, still to be,  
Your constant servant and your votary,  
And though I must be absent some few hours,  
Yet know deare love, my heart is sealed yours.



*A Complementall Letter.*

Haven blisse my Love in whose sweet favour,  
I desire alme to thrive,  
Let sickle mindes seeke change and over,  
To be constant I will strive,  
Yours I am, and have no thought,  
That can reach beyond my Love,  
Run downe to you as quickly brought,  
From heaven below, as heaven above,  
You are my heaven here of content,  
Whicher my thoughts doe aspire,  
This life is but a kind of Banishment,  
Till I enjoy my hearts desire,  
Therefore before my winged soles hence fleet,  
Let this our comfort unto you be given,  
That in the sphere of love our soules may meet,  
And both together take their flight to heaven.

*A Maydes Letter fearing a growing shame.*

Blame not a Mayd, if she doth thus discover,  
What she doth blush to tell, her faithlesse lover,  
I know I urge but an unhappy suite,  
Who loves the tree when he hath got the fruit,  
Yet think upon your vowe, and false temptation,  
Let former love move your consideration,  
This paper will not blush, whilst it doth tell,  
That former pleasures, now make sorrowes swell,  
You have enough undone me, doe not be,  
Forso much kinde, as small unto me.

Thine

Think on the story of the Trojan Queene,  
 In whom my picture may be lively seene.  
 For when that shee had made her selfe thus feare,  
 To entertaine Ineas her false guest,  
 He hostied up his fallow, and nere would view  
 The royall Queene whom his unkindnesse flew.  
 Poore silly mayd deceiv'd by your temptation,  
 I was overcome, but still in love relation.  
 I doe intreat you then if you would have  
 A happy life, and find a quiet grave,  
 That you would view me, not as in Loves bed,  
 But in the Paradiſe of my mayden-head.  
 And had I so continued, I had bin  
 Preserv'd in Virgin purity, cleave from sin,  
 Now like a weeping penitent, I come,  
 In hope to move you to compassion,  
 Restore the ruines of my maiden-honour,  
 And thinke thus with your selfe, shall I goe from her,  
 That was so kind to me that she would venture,  
 On promiss'd marriage, to seeke her owne venture?  
 O heare thy conscience that would thus informe thee,  
 And for my loving folly, doe me forgiveness.  
 But let your Love be mutually express'd,  
 In confidence whereof my thoughts doe rest.

*A Letter of thanks to a Gentleman  
 for some favour received.*

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know  
 All merits are cryed downe, as far below  
 Your favours, which you doe most freely leave,  
 With such as be unworthy to receive.  
 Such lively comforts, but therein I find  
 The true divinity of a worthy mind.  
 That on the poorest and unworthiest spirit,  
 Doublet fall blessings far beyond all merit.

And

And with this bountie, you excite and move,  
My soule to wonder and admire your love.  
Knowing not how to render thanks at due,  
For such expreſſions, which ſo faire doe ſhew,  
That the endeavour of my life will be,  
To meane requittalls of your courtesie.  
But yet I hope to prove no barren land,  
Nor by ingratitude, a fruitleſſe land,  
That doth deceive the husbandmans deſire,  
And both his limbes, and expectation tyre.  
But all my powers ſhall labor with much ſtrength,  
Of thankfulneſſe, to pay your love at length,  
And may I nere know comfort if I prove  
Vngratefull to the merit of your love.

To Miſtris Penelope, Nature's Maſterpiece,  
Peace, the Lover expreſſes his flames  
of affection.

Wonder of beſtie on whom I reſoſe,  
Such hope of comfort, that I muſt diſcloſe  
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name  
My ſufferings, how I martyre in the flame.  
Of your affection burne, Let not your ſcorne,  
Increase my ſorrowes, ſo to make me morne.  
Till love increaſe in ſtrength, and doe blame higher,  
And my ſad aſhes, are conſum'd with fire.  
Which ſhould not be, for I doe not alone  
Doare on thoſe beames which from your eyes are throwne.  
Nor on your cheekes, which are the ſunbeames bed,  
Where Roſes are with willies married.  
Nor on your lippe, which cloſed ſeeme to ſmoother  
Their beauty, and doe only kiſſe each other.  
Theſe peeces of your beauty with a ſmile,  
May ſeeme to build up a ſweet funerall pile.

# 170 The Academy

For common Lovers, but my fancy took,  
 Another course, for it doth dare to look  
 Into your soule, which crown'd with vertue sits,  
 Govern'd by reason, not by passions fits,  
 And wears a powerfull charme, that both inspires,  
 All hearts with holy thoughts and good desires,  
 For vertue hidden from the common sight,  
 Shines out in you, as glistering Sun by night  
 Peepes through a cloud, that all may gaze and see,  
 Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.  
 So that I am aild here to describe,  
 Your sweet perfections, lest they should be spy'd,  
 By Angels, who dwell in some mortall shape,  
 Would from the heavens make a swift escape.  
 To Court you in a dream, and so would stay,  
 With you on earth, forgetfull of the way.  
 But he unto heaven, whilst that they did prove,  
 Rivals to me, in seeking of your love,  
 Therefore the flames of my affection are,  
 Ignorant, and as like the common sort  
 Of Love, which is plac'd only in the blood,  
 For though I burne, my paine is unconfest  
 By such a charmer, as may be given,  
 Though it is a flame, it is dar'd from heaven.  
 Kindled from a small sparke, that here doth shine,  
 On earth, and hath a native shade divine.  
 O Sweet Penelope thy beauties be  
 Not a faire abstrack or opinion  
 Of brightest lustre, or a fiction that lead  
 Me on, unto the poynt of foolish head,  
 Then let me burne still, with a flame most cleare,  
 From falsell dreges, so that my love appeare  
 An imitation of divine love,  
 And if my flames too violent doe prove,  
 This shall at last be my concluding prayer,  
 Let heauen and Penelope both share  
 Of my poore heart, which thus now burning lies,  
 Being her martyr, and heave's sacrifice.

To Mistris E. B. Sent her With a  
R I N G.

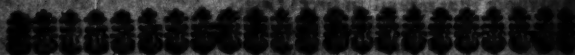
Round is the world, and so is Love,  
No art can find out the beginning  
Of circles, those on Seas doe move,  
Come round againe, by natures bringing,  
And those that travell in loves ring,  
From one point doe at first begin,  
Of affection, and having found,  
Love for love, are then come round.  
To this ring sent, shall be  
Lovers compass, both to you and me,  
By which we to faile may venture,  
Till we meet both in one center.

To a pretty witty scornefull Gentlewoman be-  
ing proud of her beauty, and after trou-  
bled with the greene Sicknesse.

I F I were young as you are, I would prove,  
A tyrant unto all, that sought my love,  
To flout them, and to heare Narcissus cry,  
Echo O Echo, for thy love I dye,  
And perish in the fountain of thy face,  
What art thou gon, and leav'st me in this case?  
He walke away, and my sad story tell,  
Vnto the Ghosts that in Elisium dwell,  
Thus might I play the mad man, but my deare,  
And fairest creature in whom doth appeare  
Glorious perfections, tell me would you have,  
Me dye for love, or weepe into my grave?

And

And give my body to the Wormes to eate,  
 Their legges, as mine, is without measure.  
 O no, your knowledge will instruct you fuller,  
 And tell you, that your owne cheeke is growne duller  
 Then it was usuall, death it seemes hath strooke,  
 A paleneffe in it, and away hath tooke  
 The former beauty, which he did to be  
 Reuenged, for your scornfullnesse to me.  
 Death sayes, that you this cheefe shall only haue,  
 Either to marry me, or else your graue.



*To a weeping Widdow wishing her to wipe  
 away Tears, with the conceit of a  
 second Husband.*

Enough of Yeaues their date expires,  
 Doe not three dayes raise fresh desires  
 Lay on, or have you all sence lost,  
 Is your blood turned to a frost?  
 A widdowes griefe should alwayes be  
 An our side of formality,  
 Or like a herse cloth, that is laid,  
 Vpon the Coffin, which conuaid  
 Into the grave, the mourning blacke,  
 Is folded up, and so sent backe.  
 Your sorrow like the cloth laid on,  
 The herse, should not be conuaid home.  
 With you, why should you vex your selfe,  
 With fruitlesse sorrowes, can your wealth  
 Or tearts, which from your eyes doe raine,  
 Call your late spouse to life againe?  
 O would you doe him so much wrong,  
 That he having gotten from the throng  
 Of men, out of this world to be  
 Be left with the Angels company;

Should



Should back againe returne to g.ve  
 Comfort to you, and here to live.  
 A second pilgrimage, would you wish,  
 Him for you, to leave heauen's blisse.  
 Be comforted, and let not sorrow  
 From your face such beauty borrow.  
 But make it lovely, blacke becomes;  
 Only funerals and Names.  
 There is no musick in the grave,  
 Though one be left, still you may have  
 Another husband, and I am bold,  
 To aske you, whether you can hold  
 A good opinion, of my Love,  
 Which in these characters doth move  
 Be active, to give you content,  
 You know sweet widdow, what is meant.  
 Be active, you doe never blush,  
 At words, nor yet once pish or cull,  
 As maydes doe use in modesty,  
 Who will their owne desires deny.  
 For widdowes with a better apprehension,  
 Should know, the secrett thought's intention,  
 Then faire one, if this letter woo you,  
 Let it not be unweelcome to you.  
 But when you doe rip up the Seale,  
 And read what this sheet doth reveale  
 Vnto your knowledge, let your blood  
 Informe you, that the lines are good.  
 Touching quicke, and he that writ,  
 This letter, doth your fancy fit.  
 For letters unto widdowes sent,  
 Should be like challenges full bent,  
 To dare them from City or Court,  
 To play a prize, at Cupids sport.  
 But you will say that I doe Iest,  
 And doe maintaine within my brest  
 A wanton flame, I cannot mourne  
 With you, nor yet with sorrow turne  
 Like Niobe into a stone, but live  
 I would, that I might comfort give  
 To you sweet widdow, then be content,  
 To make me yours, sans complement.

## To a young Maid.

**C**ome then fairest maber-piece,  
 Of nature's work, her golden fleece,  
 Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade,  
 If unretreated, dye not a maid,  
 Let us agree to appease a day,  
 To gather flowers, why should you stay  
 So long a Virgin, what have you done,  
 To nature and your selfe? a Nurse  
 Deserves not beauty, it is a curse,  
 Make Cupids darling fortunate,  
 Since youth and beauty then invite  
 You thus to play, for your delight,  
 Let loves tables opened be,  
 Fear not, you are well match'd with me,  
 Stake your maiden-head, you shall loose,  
 Whether you will winne or loose,  
 Or if you loose, I doe believe,  
 You will not for your loss once grieve.

## To a young Gentlewoman, that disdained her Lover.

**N**ow more I have profus'd to ease my griefe,  
 With these sad lines, in hope of some reliefe,  
 O wretched I, that suffer in the same,  
 Of love, yet dare not of my love complaine,  
 Nor sigh nor starve, will I in this case live,  
 Nor cease my love, will I at all excuse,  
 Since is my easiness, that I must be  
 Match'd with love, and only dye for thee.  
 Yet let me aske one question, are they least  
 Rewarded with true love, that doe love best,  
 Or is it but in me, held as offence,  
 To love you, since that the sweet influence  
 Of one false smile from you, renews life flame,  
 And one sad frowne, can put it out againe,  
 Like a thicke shirt? If you Love decay,  
 You cut my thred of life, and I must dye.

## of Complements. 175

### A Complementall Letter to a Beautifull young Gentlewoman.

For me to praise your beauty, would appear  
A flattery, for when the sunne shines cleare,  
All doe admire his beames, even so your eyes,  
Are like to stars, that shine in beauties skie,  
And have a kind of influence below,  
To make hearts all obedience to you flow.  
Your cheekes are Roses, and your haire is amber,  
The odor of your breath perfumes your Chamber,  
Your lips are like unto the ruspall berry,  
Or like unto a full ripe swelling cherry,  
Your brow is Cupids bow, most sweetly bent,  
From whence loves golden arrow still is sent,  
Your breasts are like unto a paire of mountaines,  
Not yet resolved into nectar fountains,  
Till love a pleasant moisture to them brings,  
And raises up on them two happy springs.  
But then below, their lies the happy vally,  
Where young Adonis, did with Venus dallie,  
And to behold it seemed much ashamed,  
He blusht and so this vally is yet unnamed.  
Yet howsoever it be not exprest,  
Lovers have fancies, to conceive it best.  
Thus I acknowledge you, divinest creature,  
To be a modell of the sweetest feature.  
Then since that nature hath adorn'd each part,  
With such perfections, I doe hope your heart,  
Is of as sweet a temper, so let fall  
Pitty on him, who doth not know at all  
The art of Complements, for Love is best,  
When it is naked with plaine words exprest,  
Yet if you please to reckon me for one,  
That am devoted in affection,  
Vnto your service, I shall repute of this,  
As earths chiefe happinesse and heavens blisse.



*Phrases, for the beginnings of Letters,  
for the greater Space in any  
of your Letters.*

**D**Esiring to refresh the memory of your good will.

I thank you for the courtesie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me so much, as to beare my Necc<sup>e</sup> company.

Let mee request this courtesie at your hands.

I must intreate you to have me excused.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you beare to me.

There shall be nothing wanting in mee, who have beene alwayes tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well considered of your friendship, and the worthy affection you beare mee.

*Sir,*

## of Complements. 177

*Sir,* Let me advise you, not to let slip this opportunity.

Excuse me, if my haste force me to be too familiar with you.



*Phrases for the conclusions of Letters  
in haste.*

**VV** Herefore I pray you advise me, or give me counsell, since in all things you may dispose of me.

Wherefore be pleased to excuse me.

Wherefore I doe againe desire you.

I will employ all my power in it.

The best interest, or use which you shall have for the money you lent me, is, that I will here confesse and subscribe my selfe, your, &c.

So as you will have a little patience, I will doe you reason, or, I will doe all that shall be fitting.

When you shall have need of my ware, or of any thing my shop affords, it is at your command, or service,

In any thing, wherein I shall have the

meanes to serve you, I will doe it with a very good will.

If you have need of me, I pray you spare me not, since I am alwayes yours.

If you think good, I pray you send for it, for it is at your command.

I shall acquit my selfe therein, as I should doe in my owne businesse.

You shall alwayes find me ready to obey you.

If you deale well with me now, you will give mee occasion to pleasure you another time.

If you send not the summe you owe me, you will constrain mee to take some other course.

I pray you advise me in it.

I will ever doe it with all my heart:

I will not faile to advertise you.

All that I have, it is at your command.

I will take the boldnesse to salute you, with my most humble recommends.

I shall doe it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart desireth.

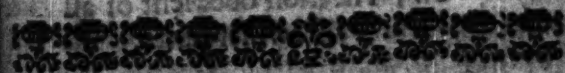
Desiring God to give you the continuance,



ance, and increase of all kinde of prosperity,  
with my prayers to God, to give you, with  
your perfect health, the accomplishment of  
your wishes.

Praying to God for your contentment.  
Even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remaine for ever, ever-  
more, alwayes, *Yours, &c.*



*The Garden-Knot of faire and rare  
Letters of Complements.*

*An offer of Service.*

**S**ir, These strokes of my hand, shall serve  
to intreat you to honour me with yours,  
and to confirme to you anew the purpose I  
have alwayes had in my soule, which is a  
perfect will to live faithfully, that I may  
die constant,

*Another.*

**S**ir, This my duty shall confirme the rest, which I desire to yeeld you by my service. With this request, that you hold mee still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed,

*Sir, The most obedient of all*

*Your servants.*

*Another upon the sending of a token.*

**S**EE, Sir, I doe not forget you, witnesse this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall finde me what I profess; that is,

*Sir, Yours.*

*A Letter of request to entertaine a friend.*

**S**ir, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you: but for lacke of your commands, I make my prayers to you,  
and

## *of Complements. 181*

and especially for this; to honour this friend of mine with your favour; he shall be obliged, and bound to you; he, as indifferent, and I, Sir, as

*Your most affectionate Servant.*

*Another to the same effect.*

Sir, **M**Y passionate desire to do you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgment shall be great. I shall expect this courtesy of you, as you from me will look for all manner of service, such in very deed, Sir, I am.

*Your most humble Servant.*

*A Letter for answer to requests.*

**I** Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands to refuse them; so that by obliging you, I content my self. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemence, as shall be requi-

site for your service: for whilst I am any  
thing, Sir, I am,

*Your Servant.*

*Another humble expression of ones selfe*

*Sir*, I am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soule for any thing, endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you, and I bestow them on you, without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, sith that will make mee still appeare, wheresoever I am, like my selfe, which is,

*Your most humble, &c.*

*Another.*

*Sir*, Your requests are effected, and by consequent, my desires accomplished; the one depending on the other: for the least of those things that may pleasure you, shall bee alwayes my contentment. Spare not then my services, that I may obey you; for should they bee unworthy of your commands

## of Complements. 183

mands, remember at least, how they proceed, Sir, from

*Your most humble servitor.*

### *A Letter of Excuse.*

SIR, Though you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance: but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfy you. And indeed I had no newes to send you, Sir, save only, that I am  
Always Yours.

### *To a sick friend.*

SIR, Being ascertained of your sicknesse, I was no more in doubt of mine owne harme, sith the least you feele, is to mee an extreame griefe. Now if my prayers can doe any thing for your health, and consequently, for my comfort, you will be soone well, and I content,

Sir, Who am, your most humble.

*A Letter to her Sweet heart.*

**Y**OU binde mee and unbinde, pardon  
me please, if this word offend thee when  
you tell mee you love me, can I have any  
greater obligation? the offence is not small  
that you had not written to mee, but that  
you promised me, for I am indebted to your  
promise, and not to your love, remember I  
beseech you that I am not yours, because I  
have promised you, but because I am truly  
yours, and that I desire not Letters for the  
conditions that are betwene us, but for the  
sole witness of your good will not wel-  
coming them as merchandises, but as  
being sent out from a wounded heart,

*Thus I am thine, Farewell.*

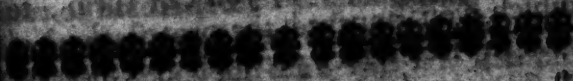
*A Letter from a quondam Adversary.*

**S**Ir since I am constrain'd by my fathers  
commands, I must intreat you to end  
that love which heretofore I conjured you



to keepe eternall. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave sensibly to feele the separation of our loves, yet since it is folly to contrary that which must fall out otherwise, I counsell you to arme your selfe with strong resolutions, and so to forget all that hath past betweene us that you have no memory of me, as I for duties sake am constrained to forget thee,

Being now not my owne.



*His Answer.*

**C**Oe paper more happy then him that sends thee accompanied with thy blots instead of teares kisse her hands, which having kist since thee hath robbed mee of my heart, certifie her that day and night, I turne my selfe into streames of teares to wash away her unfaithfullnes, tell her faithfull paper that by unbending the bow she can never heale the wound which thee hath made in her faith, and my love, and that my griefes shall witnesse to the world that as thee is most faire, so she is most unconstant.

to her Lover who can find content in nothing but death, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Letter to a Lord protesting Love.*

SIR, I received your Letter and withall perused those undeserved commendations of my perfections as you call them, to which you annexed the protestations of your service, which you must give me leave to question, for I shall alwayes doubt whether so honorable a personage as your Lordship can yeeld service to so meane a Ladie, or if love had such power, whether you would obey: now worthie Sir, upon these warrants and your free offers of service, I binde you by a courteous request to conclude a speedy peace, that I may without danger of hostilitie repaire to Dianes temple, so shall I bee bound to doe you any honourable favour, Farewell,

*Ha*

## of Complements. 187

*His short Answer.*

**M**Y dearest, if the dissembling which you injoyne me to, bee to cause me to dye of griefe, you may easily doe it with a frowne, and then my death will give you a speedy and deplorable demonstration how truly I have loved you. Farewell.

*Her Answer.*

**I**F there bee any thing in you that pleases me, your death is the least: the acknowledgement of your fault hath satisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldnesse then the miseries you suffer: know your selfe better hereafter,  
Farewell, and live, cherish your selfe, and hope.

A



*A Letter on his Mistress in his absence.*

**F**Airest I left thee with griefe, but am returned with pleasure and contentment, deny me not therefore thy presence, but let me see thee that I may recount my fortunes to thee who art the fortune of my fortunes,  
Farewell.



*A Letter protesting affection.*

**I**F I have not alwaies loved you let me never be beloved of any, if my affections do ever change; Let my present misfortunes never change, if you beleeve not the oath I have made you, take what proofe you will of mee, and you shall find that I am more yours, then I can assure you by my true, but most feeble words, Farewell.

To

## of Compliments. 189

### *To congratulate a friend.*

**S**ir, I much rejoyce at the successe of your  
businessse, and even so, as if it had arrived  
to mee, I could not more celebrate it in my  
soule; so much doe I tender your content:  
but this is but a duty, to the friendship I  
owe you; and a necessity, to the zeale I  
have to your service, wherein I doe but ob-  
lige me to my selfe: meant while be it how  
it will, the same proceeds but from,

Sir, Your most humble.

### *A farewell to a friend going a necessary Voyage.*

**S**ir, an irksome necessity deprives me a  
long while from the honour of your pre-  
sence (but not without grieve) for your con-  
versation is so pleasing to me, that I have al-  
wayes preferred it before all manner of de-  
lights. Iudge now therefore, if separated  
from

from you, I can live content : but for all that, I must suffer this harme, sith it is necessary for my good. Meane while, remember your selfe, that I shall never forget you, and where ever I be, will appeare as I am,

*Sir, Yours.*

*Excuse.*

*SIR,* If lawfull excuses exempt duty, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunitie of affaires that have befallen me : it grieves me nevertheless, for not keeping my word with you, and that grieve, with my good will, may satisfie you, I shall shortly doe my selfe the happinesse to see you, and the honour to serve you,

*Sir, Sith I am Yours, &c.*

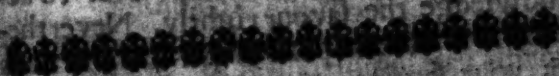
*Of a new married man to his Brother in Law.*

*SIR,* The honour of your alliance is so deare to you, that I shall never thinke me more happie, then when I shall deeme my selfe capable to deserve it. This duty will witness to you, how considerable you are with



with mee, which at once hath given mee,  
with the desire to know you, the will to  
serve you, I have no other passion in my  
soule, nor other ambition in my designs:  
it is all I hope for, it is every thing I looke  
for, yea, with so much impatience as I have  
left of my liberty (after so sweet a servitude)  
to live faithfull, that I may dye constant

*Sir, The most humble of your  
Servants.*



*A Letter by way of protestation.*

*SIR*, The honour of your friendship so ob-  
ligeth me to make some worthy acknow-  
ledgment, that I am all full of will to serve  
you, and as full of default in the perfor-  
mance; I will therefore waite the time and  
occasion, wherein by your command I may  
signallize my obedience, which shall al-  
wayes, and wheresoever I be, make me ap-  
peare as I am,

*Sir, That is, Your, &c.*

*Ano-*

*Another of a friend obliged by favours.*

**SIR,** You still delight in obliging such as are most beholding to you; I am witness of it, and your courtesie is the triall: so that I am ashamed to be alwayes engaged, without so much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Nevertheless, if a fervent passion perfectly zealous for your service, can satisfie you in my defaults, accept of it, I beseech you, since it proceeds,

*Sir, From your most humble, &c.*

*To complain for some offence.*

**SIR,** Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pitie them both; the one makes you seeme milde, and the other, rash; I think you are not the man to repent it: but he that does ill, is not absolved for being sorry for it, hee must doe penance

## of Complements. 193

nance for it. Look to your owne matters therefore, that you may never talke of others. I take nothing in jest, when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's my Name, which shall make good my words.

N.



*A presentation of service.*

**M**istress, It is long since, that too much discretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldnesse permits it me now: I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty; that so I may bee rather absolved, then accused: for although I had no other purpose, then to tender you my service, as now I doe, with my faith to boote, for assurance of my fidelity; yet am I fearefull of too much undertaking: but howsoever, chastise me as you please. *Mistress*, There's my Name and Surname,

*Your humble, and most affectionate*

*Servant.*

*Another*

*Another of Love.*

**M***istress*, Sith at the sole aspect of your  
 Eyes, my heart sighes for love, as ta-  
 ken with your wonders ; I shall incessant-  
 ly blesse the day of your acquaintance, and  
 consequently, of her that is the most per-  
 fectly faire on earth : and already resigning  
 my will to yours, I will so passionately che-  
 rish my thraldome, that the feare alone of  
 being free, will make me miserable. Make  
 good my purpose then ; Sweet *Mistress*,  
 But alwayes in this qualitie, of your  
 most affectionate Servant.

*Another.*

**M***istress*, When to admire you I staid  
 mine eyes at your object, my heart  
 insensiblic taken, bewailed her captivity ;  
 so as I found my selfe in love, before I had  
 so

## of Complements. 195

so much as the hope to bee so. And yet I should not complaine; I rather will blesse the day that bereft mee of my liberty with the sole armes of your merits, without reserving any freedome to my selfe,

*Mistress*, other then the word to speake me, Your servant.

~~~~~  
Another.

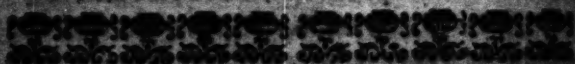
Ady, I have such an inclination to your love, that I must needs be destined for your service. Now if it be a fatall instinct in me, that my obeisance should waite upon the honour of your commands, is it not necessary for you,

Mistress, To believe me to be your servant?

~~~~~  
*Another.*

*Mistress*, If admiration have onely eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* bee not blinde, but to eschew hurts from you, can I have

have an heart without loving you, or a soul without adoring you? And can I be mortal, and not sensible of your charmes? Oh no, *Mistress*, I have too much honour, in being your Captive; and too much glory, in being your slave.



*Another.*

**M***istress*, This instant letter will tell you, I am your servant. If you aske me the cause; It is your merit, and the effect shall be my obedience, if you deeme me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my services, I have a *Mistress* to my wish, and by consequence, am

Your Servitour, &c.



*Another.*

**M***istress*, I am Yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I bestow my selfe; but it is as your Captive and slave.

37111

*Ano-*



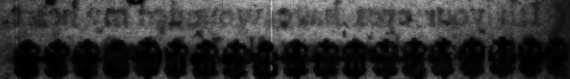
*Answer.*

Sith your eyes have wounded my heart,  
the wound is mortall. If I must die, it  
shall be for love. Happy death, happy cause I  
I will have no remedy, for my heart is too  
noble to crave a cure. Confesse onely you  
have vanquished me, and I shall confesse my  
defeate, being it proceeds from the most  
perfect creature on earth.

*A Letter of a despairing Lover.*

Sometimes Love, at this time the despaire  
of Love, hath put the pen into my hand,  
with a purpose if it returne me no redresse,  
to change it into a sword, which promises  
me a full though a cruell healing the blanke  
paper which you have sent mee, for an an-  
swer, is a testimony of my innocency since  
it is as if you had said, you have found no-  
thing to accuse me of, from whence other-  
wise could your silence proceed? if you have  
any

any remembrance of my faithfull service, for  
pitty I desire of you either life or death: this  
is all that is requested at your hands by your  
despairing Lover.



*Her answer.*

**D**RAW from your evill the knowledge  
of your good: if you had not bin be-  
loved, you could never have had a sence of any  
thing: till you are forgiven, you shall not  
know your offence: in the meane space hope  
and live.



*To a Lady promising revenge on his enemy.*

**M**Adam, who doubts of my innocency  
shall bee guilty and offend against  
truth, closed eyes see not the light, though  
without a shadow it shine on them, especi-  
ally when those eyes are shut against the  
brightnesse of my Justice: therefore if the  
blood of mine enemy cannot wash away

my straine, I wil voluntarily adde therunto mine owne, since that I have no other way to preserve my life left mee, I am ready to render it ; farewell.

*Her answer.*

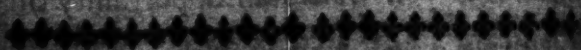
**S***R.* The wounds of the body are not alwayes healed, though they be out of danger, no more they of the mind ; but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions, in the meane space she that loves you waites an opportunity till the blemishes of your honor are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appeare cleere, and as bright as day againe in the eyes of her that admires you.

*A Lovers offer of his services to his Mistress.*

**F***AIRE* ~~Mistress~~, had I vertue to perswade you as you have power to make me love you

you the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountaine of Ice, to pittie, but for that love is more vehement in the heart, then in the tongue; I appeale to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such Justice at *Venus* hands, that you shall thus much I say, though I place no confidence in my owne wishes, because they convert to aire, yet I presume of my owne indeavours for that I have vowed my life to death, to doe you service, of which you can have no better assurance then to imploy mee, nor I a higher favour then to be,

Yours.



*A Letter of a lover requesting speedy remedy.*

**G**ood *Madam*, Martyr mee not with Idoubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellencie of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made mee in the state of flaming flax which is presently to be quenched or will suddenly burne: thus longing for your gracious and fadden answer, I kisse your hand, and am  
No more my owne.

*A Letter from a languishing lover.*

**M**ORE of zeale to doe you service then  
I desire I have to live, I here present  
you my consumed selfe, only kept alive by  
the light of your faire beauty; that sitteth  
crowned in the palace of my heart, which  
bleeding at your foot beggeth the meanes of  
my cure: if you vouchsafe it, I live; if not,  
you must see my death: and thus doubtfull  
between both, till I kisse your sweet answer,  
I remaine,

Vnto my last gaspe *Yours.*

*Her answer.*

**I** am not cruell though with difficulty I  
consent to love, and for that your passions  
are so extreame, I keepe your picture in my  
bosome, but with what thought, I blush to  
write though pittie be my warrant, so that I  
leave the event of our love to your conside-  
ration: for know sweet Sir, that being over-  
come to see your passions so great, I cannot  
but commit my love, my honour, my selfe,  
and all to your affection, and wise govern-  
ment, Farewell.

---

*A Letter to his Mistress.*

**F**Airest, since it is a common thing to love  
 and a miracle to subdue affection, Let it  
 not seeme strange that I am a slave to your  
 beauty, nor wonder though I sue for grace,  
 since the lover like a sick patient, is inforc'd  
 to seek comfort of his mistress: to prove that  
 I love you, needs no other testimony then  
 the witness of your rare perfections, for the  
 present I balme my wounds with a hope  
 that I shall kisse your gracious hand, and  
 that your answer will returne an acceptance  
 of the service of him

Whose heart waiteth on your  
*Beauty.*

---

*A Letter to his Mistress, upon service  
 enjoyned.*

**F**Aire Nymph, May all contents and plea-  
 sures dwell with you, as all mine de-  
 pend



pend on you, I perceive now you command  
mee to action, but Love which is ever ac-  
companied with doubts commands mee to  
tremble, but let heaven doe with me what  
it pleaseth, I know it will not deny mee a  
grave.



*A Letter complaining of the cruelty  
of his Mistress.*

Fairest, If your eyes were as full of va-  
riety as they are to cause love, the sweet-  
ness which they promise at the first, would  
make me adore them with as much content-  
ment as they have produced in me of vaine  
hope; but so farre are they from the perfor-  
mance of their deceitfull promises, that they  
will not so much as confesse them, and so  
wide from healing my hurt, that they will  
not acknowledge themselves Authors, as if  
with you they purpose to equall crueltie  
with beauty, since you have ordained that  
the affection that you have caused to be born  
in me should cruelly dye in me, was there  
ever a more unprofitfull mother but I, who

held more deare that which came from you, then my life, being unable to suffer so great an unjustice, am resolved to carry my affection with mee into the grave, hoping that the heavens moved at last, will through my patient suffering, make me as deare to you, as you are now cruell to me, Farewell.



*A Letter from a despairing Lover.*

I F you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which followes it, shall revenge it on you; but if it bee indifferent to you, I assure my selfe that this last act of my affection shall gaine somewhat more in your soule: if it fall out so, I shal cherish the resemblance of your beauty more than my birth since by it I came into the world to bee troublesome to you; and by the other, I goe out of it, and leave you.

*Am-*

*Another.*

**M**istress, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours : so that I have nothing free but speech, to say, I am

Your Servitour.

*Another.*

**M**istress, From the time, that with your beauty, I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love. If so be then, that my services, whereof Heaven hath reserved the integrity for your commands, may be never so little pleasing to you, permit,

*Mistress,* That I may honour my selfe, with this title of your *Servant*.

K 4

*Answers*

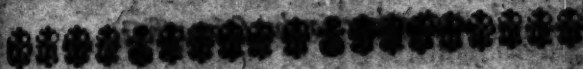
*Another Letter of Service.*

**S**IR, I have received, by way of duty, the honour of your Letter; whereby I have seen the submissions of services which you do me, but unsuitably, for which I am more beholding to your courtesie, then to any merit of mine: Now to accept of them were without reason; as to refuse them would be held disdainfull; I doe therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your selfe, that so you may not serve,

Sir, Her that favours you.

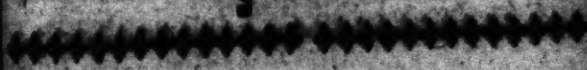
**S**IR, If the services which your honesty will needs yield mee, gather only life from my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no defect, if there be no cause: So that I never having  
any

any beauty, or merit, you are but my servant in word, Sir, but I am yours in deed.



*Another*  
**SIR**, If my duty have entertained yours, mine honesty hath refused your offers, as too worthy of me; and I am unworthy of them. I shall nevertheless, for mine own sake, reserve the honour to my selfe, Sir, who am

Your servant



*Another to the same effect*

**SIR**, I accuse my duty for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters; and confesse me guiltie, before you accuse me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it, Sir, who is the most affectionate of all your Servants.

K 5

*Another*

*Another is the same effect.*

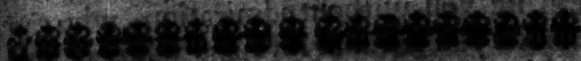
**A**lbeit one selfe same cause makes us pardonable, for having beene alike silent, yet do I know my duties interest, in having unjustly deprived you, (being obliged to you as I am) of the effects of my remembrance, which grieves my soule, and which griefe I present to you, but alwaies in my quality,

*Sir, of your humble servitour.*

*A Letter desiring better acquaintance.*

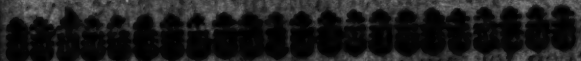
**S**IR, Although my merit bee not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you, yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my selfe into your acquaintance and friendship, bath emboldend me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service  
Yours.





*A Letter from one to his Mistress.*

IT is impossible to see you without loving you, but much more to love you without being extream in that affection, so that if for my defence it shall please you to consider this truth when this paper shall present it self before your eyes, I assure my selfe that the greatnesse of my hurt shall obtaine by pittie as much pardon from you as the boldnesse which hath rais'd me to this worth may merit just punishment, attending the Iudgement which you shall give, suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kisse your faire hands and rest.



*A Letter to Calisto*

*Mistress,*

IF perfection bee not in the world, but to make you admired; if love bee not love, but to make you be beloved; if sacrifices be not but to make you bee adored; who

can

can see you without admiration, who can admire you without love, and who can love without adoring you? he must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soule: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it so: if my heart loves you, reason commands it; if my soule adores you, heaven permits it: so that these three necessities forming it for you, I profess it to you

Dear *Admirer*, under the Title  
of yours, *Engelina*.



*A Letter.*

**S**IR, It is needlesse for me to say I love you, since my actions hitherto have given you no testimony to the contrary. True then for my words I will that my deeds shall speak, and tell you that in effect I will during life be

Yours.

*Letter of acknowledgments.*

**W**Hat worthy acknowledgement can I give to your obligations, when their extremity bereaves mee of the hope: my duty remains pensive at the excess of your courtesies; for being never able to tender you other, then unworthy effects of your merits. I have indeed but the will, and that is but a shadow for a body; yet compose it, I beseech you, whilst you remember how it proceeds, from

*Your most humble servant.*

*Another.*

**SIR,** With what kind of duties shall I acknowledge your courtesies; which have so obliged me, that to tell them right, one must be silent? To offer you my service; it is already your own. To present my selfe; I

am

am yours long since. I then have nought but defaults, for your satisfaction; but a thousand services, for your obedience; for my being in generall, depends on that particular, of *Your* most humble servitour.



*Another.*

*SIR*, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To present you with wishes, for effects, were but too weak recompences. I will therefore give you mine endeavours, for all your courtesies; honouring and serving you whilst I live; all which life of mine is destined for no earthly thing, but your commands.



*Another.*

*SIR*, Your courtesies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I shall celebrate them particularly in my soule, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the least presenting serviceable occasion, and live  
always

*of Complements. 213*

always with this will, never to disbehold  
ding to you,

Sir, but yet your most humble  
*Servitor.*



*Another.*

*SIR*, I can honour your merits by reason,  
and acknowledge by duty your courtesies  
which have too much obliged me, to be un-  
gratefull : though I can never make you  
worthy satisfaction ; yet shall I have al-  
wayes both the desire and hope of it, and in  
the meane while a stedfast will to live and  
die,

Sir, Yours.

*For telling of newes.*

*SIR*, Desirous of your contentment, as  
of mine own, I have taken pen in hand, to  
tell you whatsoever hath past. Now you  
have seene what is new, take the old with  
it : which is, that I am alwayes,

Sir, Your *Servitor.*

*A Letter of acknowledgement of being  
beloved.*

SHall I conceale such an excessive happi-  
ness, as to be loved by you, *My deare*?  
Or shall I publish it, to make it greater?  
No, no, my silence may honour it, yet  
my words shall make it the more glori-  
ous; for in leaving it, I shall deprive its  
memory of forgetfulness. I will therefore  
have my mouth continually closed up, a-  
gainst the confession of it, my minde taken  
in the thought of it, and my soule wrapped  
in the sole object of its *idea*. And so blef-  
sing my birth, for the happiness of yours,  
that your death may be my Tombe. In the  
meane while my whole happiness and glo-  
ry shall consist in this quality, of

*Your most humble Servant.*

*A*



*A Letter of absence.*

**M**istress, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my contentment, teares and griefes have been inseparable with my life: all kind of objects are to mee defective, nothing pleases me, but what dislikes me; and if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my selfe, and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for mine owne content. If you desire to judge of my griefe, judge what your selfe are, *Mistress*, Which is the fairest of the world, and I the most afflicted of all your servants.

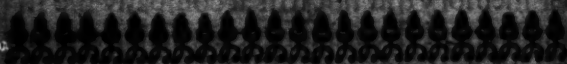
*Another.*

**M**istress, Sith for counterpoise of my love, I suffer the griefe of your absence, I doe even endure all that ever can be

con-

conceived in rigorous torments : the daies  
shine not on me, but to enlighten my mis-  
hap ; for the Sunne laughs at my paine, as  
I scorne his brightnesse, in that I acknow-  
ledge none more worthy, then that of your  
eyes, long since my Conquerers, and still  
mine Idols. But what shall I say ? I am  
borne to endure, and to love you, *Mistris*.

But alwayes in this quality, of Your  
most humble Servant.



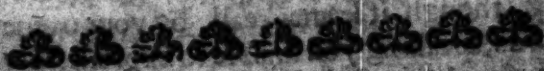
*Letters of absence.*

[F those griefes, which are still present,  
since your absence, did not make me hope  
for a speedy death, I should bewaile the  
birth of my dayes, that doe enlighten mee  
without shining, for deprived of the bright-  
nesse of your eyes, I can acknowledge none  
other in the world, as having vanquished  
me, and that with so many charmes, as that  
they are not content, that I adore them, but  
that they are still burning me. Well, this is  
some-

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somewhat too much; but yet too little for  
your merits. Wherefore I will never bee  
weary of suffering, no more than of loving  
you. Pleeve my harme at leastwise, and  
your beliefe shall bee my remedy, and my  
honour my qualitie,

*Mistriu,* Of your most humble  
Servitour.



*Another.*

**M***istriu,* If the sorrow which your ab-  
sence hath caused in my soule, could  
give me as many words to expresse it, as I  
have griefes to bewaile it; I should thinke  
my selfe satisfied. But for too much endu-  
ring, I must be silent in my torment; yet  
never in my quality,

*Mistriu;* Of your most humble  
Servant.

*Ano-*

*Answer.*

*SIR*, What kinde of trouble can such an indifferent absence bring to your content? No, no, it can be but an imaginary feeling, though it seems reall, by your owne words, speaking you unable to expresse, being there's no such thing, your silence is your great advantage; since it expresses your torment, without saying any thing of it. But not the title which your faire carriage gives you, of being my servitour; as to me it doth likewise the endeavour, *Sir*, of deserving the stile and quality, of your servant.

*Another.*

*SIR*, I can give but fained remedies to an imaginary torment like yours, for mine absence is of too indifferent a nature to cause  
your

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your griefe or trouble, and I beseech you dis-  
pence with mee for beleeving it, since also  
mine owne knowledge forbids it, as reason  
doth otherwise to say I am,

*Sir, Your servant.*



*Upon a point of rigour.*

**I**F love and cruelty bee two contrary  
things, your love must needs bee fained,  
since your rigour is reall. Cease then to  
make me suffer, and I shall believe you love  
me, for my paine and your cruelty are too  
opposite to persist together: Adieu my  
deare, and though too cruell,

*I am your servitour.*



*Another.*

**S***IR*, You complaine of my absence, and  
I of yours: you would enjoy my pre-  
sence, but your discretion forbids it you, and  
me the happinesse to see you; but my want  
of

of power opposeth it: so that grievances should be lesse in that they are equally shared: but not the quality which I take,

*Sir, of your Servant.*



*Another.*

**T**O see you without admiration, is past my power; to admire and love you, is a necessity; but to love and endure yours, is a consequence; for you have so much merit, that one can hardly desire, much lesse hope for the honour of your good favours. Iudge then who can but worthily serve you? Sure he is yet unborne, nay, in earnest I'll pawne my soule on't, yet with your leave, *Mistress,*  
*For I am Yours.*



*To his Lady.*

**T**O despise such as honour you, to disdain such as love you, to make no account of such as are faithfully yours, are those the actions of a faire soule like yours?  
*Or*



Or are these but words, that honour mee with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance? Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confesse it, that you may repent, and to give him content, who cannot bee absent from you.

*Mistress,* As your most humble  
Servitour.

=====

*To a kinswoman.*

**M***istress,* Albeit your actions, in appearance have witnessed, that I was no otherwise in your esteeme, than of an indifferent quality; yet my desires being still secretly zealous for your service, in their naturall instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to your disgrace, so to restore mee to my selfe, and make me the same I am to you, which is,

*Mistress,* Your most affectionate  
servant and kinsman.

*Upon*



*Upon the inconstancy of a servant.*

SIR, Our Sex is not alwayes accused of  
 S inconstancy, and yet do I now take that  
 law from you, you, I say, whose oathes gave  
 such faithfull testimonies of affection, that I  
 durst not doubt of it, for feare of offending  
 my selfe: And yet hath the winde caried  
 away your words, but not your love, for  
 you never had any: so that now when I  
 blame my selfe for having believed you, I  
 praise my selfe withall, for imitating you,  
 but alwayes with the sorrow of not being  
 your example: for it was fit I should pre-  
 cede you, as your *Mistress*,

Sir, Though at the present,  
 Your servant.

*A Letter.*

**M**istris. It is well to bee seene that you have no love, since you have eyes to see my unworthinesse. Love is blinde, you should be so too in regard of my merits: let it suffice you that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the fairest and most perfect creature on earth.

*A Letter from a despairing Deere.*

**T**Here is no creature *Madam*, so bereaved of reason or deprived of sense which being oppressed with direfull calamities seeleth not by meere instinct of nature a present medicine for his malady, man onely excepted, who by reason of his want may justly accuse the injurious powers of injustice, the Vnicorne being sicke recovers his health by swallowing the buddes of a date tree, the Deere being stricken feedes on the hearbe Dictamum and recovers; but man hath no secret salve so excellent, nor plaster so perfect by whose secret vertues he

L

may

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may appease his passions: this *Madam* I now know by prooffe, and therefore speak by experience for your divine beautie and the perfections of your mind have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turne my body into dry earth, and cinders; unless by the drops of your pity, it be speedily extinguished: therefore bid me one, now at last be mercifull, and let not my service and royall love be recompenced with such disloyall refusals: strive not for my life, since you have my liberty, seeke not my death, since you are the fount to which I offer up my devotions: *Madam*, let the sweet balme of your benevolence salve the sore which so painfully afflicteth my carefull conscience, and with the dew of your grace redeeme him from misery whose life or death standeth in your answer, which I hope shall be such as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautifull mind.

Farewell.

He who said not word I know as well it come  
of your *Her Answer*, all addition

[T is impossible *Sir*, to straine moylt liquor  
out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in  
that which is key cold, or to force the stur-  
die streames to runne against their common  
course, know *Sir*, you are the man I loath,  
but cannot like; make therefore a vertue of  
your necessity and asswage the flame your  
selfe, which I know not who else will  
quench, by an importunate persisting in thy  
purpose where no hope is, thou provest thy  
selfe rather a desperate sot, then a discreet  
Souldier: take my nay therefore for an an-  
swer: if I would, I cannot; and if I could,  
I would not, so farewell.

No way yours.



*To one who is not really what she seems.*

**A**dmire not though I raile against thy  
follies, since thy mercuriall minde hath  
misled me by thy ingratitude, & thy imper-  
fections have delineated these impressions of  
my penne: for thy beauty, if I admired it

once it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions like bad commodities, were to be put off with it, but now making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense, perswade thy selfe therefore, if I were to dye presently, and thou wert part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee with thy good face, and bad conditions for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth, doth yet afflict me, be confident like painted Sepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices that the world by reading thy volume may shun thee as the only obstacle to felicity, and learne the wayes of vertue, by those things that are thy contraries, for the present : admire not though this paper bee stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since nature her selfe was deceived which bestowed her features so rashly, and inconsiderately on thee, certainly thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee, I might learne to know that a good face is not alwayes exempted from a hearse voyce, I protest to thee I would not buy the distempers of thy soule at so high a rate as to injoy thy beauty,

much



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much rather wil I indeavour to expresse my  
gratitude to heaven, in that I faile not to  
practise this resolution,

Never to injoy thee.

*Her Answer.*

**W**onder not *Sir*, though you see an  
answer to your franticke letter, do  
you thinke by brawling like a beggar to be-  
come a King, no *Sir*, as I know your kna-  
very, so I passe not for it, neither can your  
bragges goe for payment. I mervaille not  
though your dogged Letters favour of *Di-*  
*ogenes* doctrine, you Cinicall Dunce what  
felicity can you have in byting those of  
whom otherwise thou canst not be reveng'd  
Indeed gentle Balaams Ass; if I had bin so  
light to have loved you for feeding my fan-  
cie on thy ill favord face, I might justly  
have reapt such profit since I then had filled  
my eyes so full with the figure of a foole;  
hereafter keep your Letters Patents in your  
beggars boxe, adieu *Sir* dunce, the more you  
mislike me the better I love my selfe, whilst  
I account it the greatest felicity of *S. M.*

To be rid of such a foole.

*A Letter from a distressed lover.*

**M** Adam, as my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courteousie procure my blisse, since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let mee begge of you to send the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away and is yours only and ever,

Still in hope.

*A Letter from a lover professing constancy.*

**T**hey who have the honour to see you run a dangerous fortune: if they love you, they are fancy; if they love not, they are without judgment; now faire creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour, and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my selfe, think it not hard cruell Diana, that having seene you, I love you: if this boldnesse deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice, for I must while I live, be your servant or not be alive, Farewell.

*A Letter from an inconstant lover.*

I Write not now to tell you that I love,  
for you have believed it but too well, but  
to assure you that I shall love you no more,  
perhaps you may be amaz'd at this alteration,  
for you have alwayes loved me above my  
desires; but that which drawes me from you  
is, I must confesse your misfortune that will  
no longer continue to you the pleasure of  
our loves, or rather my good fortune which  
will have mee no longer stay at so poore a  
thing, and to the end you may live to  
complain of mee, I bid you for ever, Fare-  
well.

*Her answer.*

SIR, It was your arrogancy perswa-  
d'd you I loved you, wherein you were  
most infinitely mistaken, I swears to  
thee by all the merits which thou thinkst  
thou hast but are not in thee, there was  
never any such likely matter, as for the

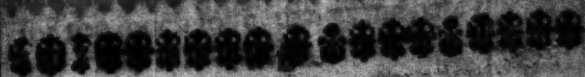
Letter thou hast sent mee I cannot bee unthankfull to thee for the pleasure thou hast done me in it, since it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of such coxcombes as your selfe, in the meane time be as content as I am, in being freed of such a burden: believe me *Sw*, it is no small happiness. Farewell.



*A Lover to his inconstant Mistress.*

**I**T is not to complaine of you Mistress, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortune which make me so contemned of you, since at other times you were not wont to use me in this sort. I am the same man that have served you in all respective submission, and you are the same that at first were mine, since you received me for yours I am become no lesse, nor you greater; if it be so, why doe you not judge me worthy of the same entertainment? I have called my soule to an account for her actions, since it pleaseth you, I will display them all before your eyes: for my part, I cannot accuse any one of them, if you shall judge otherwise  
when

when you have heard them, it shall bee no  
small consolation to the poore condemned  
to know at least the cause of his punish-  
ment; adieu cruell one.



*A Letter.*

**I**f love taught me as well to speak my tor-  
ment, as to suffer it, my pittie would make  
you sensible of my plaints, but dumb in their  
too much sufferance, I have but my constan-  
cy, for remedy, that is all my hope; your  
sweetnesse, for my desire; and your com-  
mand, for mine honour, *Mistress*, for my  
quality is,

*Your most humble Servitour.*

*Another.*

**S**ince your merits cause my torment, I will  
never complaine: the more rigorous you  
shall be, the more constantly: I will oppose  
all my respects, to your neglects; my ho-  
nour, to your disdain; and my fire, to  
your ice; if I breath, it shall be love; if I  
sigh,

figh, it shall be in passion for your service;  
In a word, if I be, I shall be,

*Mistress, Your servitour.*



*Letter.*

TO have no soule; but to adore you; to  
have no heart, but to love you; and but  
one only life, for your service; have you not  
cause to complaine? You, whose beauty,  
hath so many charmes; and merits, so many  
baits, that one would detest this name of  
liberty, to die your slave. Should one talke  
of miracles, you are the example; in dis-  
course of rarities, you are the comparison:  
so that Heaven and Nature are in dispute, for  
whom you were made. Now to say, I am  
your servitour, that is a quality too high: to  
say I am your slave, that's yet too lofty. Be-  
hold my Surname, now give me what name  
you please.

*Letter.*



*Letter.*

**I**F for desiring death, one were to loose his life, I should have beene gone long since: for too much love, makes me hate my selfe: but mee thinkes the more I live, I still lengthen my dayes: and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer: I see that which flies me, the grave: so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am,

*Mistress,* Always your servitour,

*Another.*

**T**O love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by consequent, to dye. Have you resolved my death, and by disdainning my services, to forget them for requitall? It is too much rigour, for your beauty: you will confesse it one day, but too late for your repentance, for I shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistress,* The most humble of all *Your* servants.

## A Letter.

**M**istress, Thus to forbid me to love you,  
 And to will mee not to honour you,  
 what would you have me doe (*my deare?*)  
 I must change my heart, if I would change  
 my Mistress; and Nature must give me other  
 inclinations, to deprive you of my respects,  
 and of my obedience: forbid me to live ra-  
 ther; I will dye, but it shall be for love, and  
 so at the price of my dayes, I shall doe you  
 service; leaving this truth, for a remem-  
 brance to after times.



## A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress.

**I**t is you, *faire creature*, that have gained  
 this advantage upon me, that I forget my  
 selfe, to remember you perpetually. Do not  
 thinke, that unlesse I see you shortly, I can  
 longer survive, whereby I might continue  
 the affection of my services to you. So that  
 two things will infallibly bring mee to my  
 grave; your absence, and my griefe, for not  
 acquit-

acquitting mee towards you, as I desire.  
Chooſe now (*ſaire ſoule*) whether you had  
rather have me dead for your content, or to  
ſee mee daily offer you up the fruits of my  
ſervices, upon the altar of your merits, in  
the quality of

*Your* moſt loyall, and moſt affectionate  
Servitour.



*A Letter of a Gentleman, evil ſpoken  
of for the love of his Miſtris.*

SOME one that is envious of my happi-  
neſſe, had a mind to calumniate me to-  
wards you, and to perſwade you, that I  
have ſhewed ſome testimonies of affection  
to another beſides you, who have ſooner be-  
lieved it of me then I ſhould have done of  
you, if the like had bene reported to mee.  
Shall I accuſe you then? Or ſhall I accuſe  
my ſelfe? For you make me an overture for  
both. Should I excuſe my ſelfe? That would  
make me guilty in ſome ſort: and if I accuſe  
you not, I ſhall witneſſe that I honour you,  
and love you ſtill, as your owne faithfull  
purchase.

*A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentle-  
man, and his Mistress.*

I Thinke it was no inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when wee sware so solemly. But for ought I can learne, the change hath better pleased you, then the continuance of my services. I know not whom I shall accuse, you, or I; for possibly the long time I have beene without seeing you, is the cause of it, or else you have beene drawne to it by your owne naturall condition. Make me such an answer as you please. No earthly thing shall hinder me from loving you, for I had rather choose a thousand deaths, then to be inconstant in my love: and will flye with the hazzard of my life, the reproach of dilloyalty (whether you will, or no)

*Your servitour inviolably.*

A Letter of a Gentleman, after a visite  
made to a Lady.

**M**istris, the honour I received in the  
late visite I made to my deare Cozen  
at your house, hath so obliged me to both of  
you, that I thought I should commit a har-  
nous fault, if by some honest endeavour, I  
should not witnesse a feeling of it. If ever I  
have the happinesse to see you at my home,  
which is yours, I shall endeavour to make  
you as welcome, as I can; and doe conjure  
you to come see my Sister, as you have pro-  
mised her; otherwise, farewell all friend-  
ship; not so neverthelesse, but that the mean  
while I desire to continue,

**Mistris, Your Cozen, and  
best friend.**

My love to your Sister, and to your  
Mother, and to all that are  
deare to you. I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
J. B.

*A Letter, of a fond Maide, that disdained  
the service and love of a gallant Gentle-  
man; who was counsell'd to dis-  
daine her also.*

For sake that Maide, that forsakes you,  
and no more remember her forgetful-  
self. She hath changed, to change your  
misshap. She hath changed, that she might  
not change her natures inconsistency; Her  
small acquaintance, should make you know  
her Guilt. Your good judgement, may  
show you what a little she hath. You can-  
not but get by the losse of her. If you loose  
a sweet heart, you gaine a liberty; you  
should keepe some love for your selfe, and  
not cast it all away from you. If you love  
something, do not hate your selfe for all that.  
If fortune give you any thing, she will be  
well rewarded. If she take a heart from you,  
think it was not yours. Whersoever you go,  
tary with your content, and love not what  
is contrary to you; unlesse you will contra-  
ry him, that loves you dearly,  
Even to the Grave.

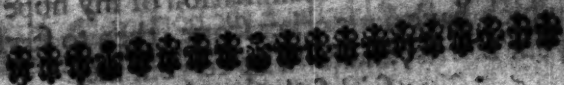


*A brave reply of a Gentleman to his Mistress  
by way of Derision.*

*Escopites,*

*Escopires,*  
**T**He small shot of your beauty, doth enough finge the doublet of my soule, without the Canon of your rigour to break the very bones of my pretences. You have enough forraged the plaines of my heart, without moreover billeting there the Regiment of despaire, which runnes after mee, even to the rime of my life. Alas! I pray you doe not let those Carabins of disdaigne cate up the bread of my hopes, nor beat up the bongues of my fidelity, that are so full of good wine of patience. I have so often told you, that as soone as the Baker of your bounty, should have heated the Oven of your heart, I would set in the bread of my thoughts. But the bad rich man of your judgment, hath despised my poore Devill of desire, that is going now to die in the Hospitall. Out alas! Gogs-nigges, what will become of the Goates of my conceits, if this wicked woman of your cruelty, pull the bed from under them of my contentment.

ment, to make them snap at the crust of your  
 lectures? No, I believe the bottle of my per-  
 severance once broken, you will bewaile the  
*Orleans* wine of my devotion, when you  
 will get none else, but some tart wines of  
 fainting, which will vexe the tongue of  
 your knowledge. But if you rid your hands  
 of that vicious horse of your distrust, I be-  
 lieve the rest will not rash upon the *Bibers*  
 of my thoughts, which hold the bridle of  
 constancy. What ever befalls, the Pilgrims of  
 my designs, desiring the Scollop-shells of  
 your friendship, will be still grobbling in the  
 dirt of good courage. But if the feet of my  
 offers, take bladders of refusall, farewell *Cae-  
 sars* voyage. The vintages of my services  
 will be soone done, if the haile of your pride  
 blast the grape of my pursuite. But whilst  
 the sythe of your judgement, mowes the  
 grass of your rigours, I shall ever kisse the  
 hands of your perfections, and make my  
 selfe the everlasting wood of the fire of your  
 beauty.



*A Letter of holy love betweene two lovers,  
containing three letters besides.*

**Y**OU have made me feeble, faire Calistena,  
the ardent sparkles of your friendship;  
the memory whereof I shall still honour,  
and esteeme my selfe a great deale the more  
happy; if my happinesse may prove more  
extreame, when I shall burne in its flames,  
wherein my soule shall live with a thousand  
delights, and my heart resume new life in  
its ashes: And that I may be condemned to  
this wished punishment, doe not let your  
fairemind conceive any doubt of my loves  
eternity, since constancy shall bee ever its  
faithfull companion, and that the fire which  
kindled it, can never be quenched, should  
it be combated by the Ice proceeding from  
that feare you might have of your enviers.  
And if it were so, yet would it melt, as soone  
as you should but contemplate the Sunne-  
beames of my discretion. You may as well  
assure your selfe of the effect of my words,

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as I doe of the consummation of my hope;  
which have none other scope, then to serve  
your merits, and to fit up to your use,  
*Your faithfull Floridon, &c.*



### *A Letter in answer.*

✓ Our desires are my lawes (*deare Flori-*  
*don*) and your loyalty cannot finish but  
with mine: they shall both alike shine  
bright over our lives, and nourish them-  
selves with our flames; wherein I shall  
think mee very happy to live with you.  
That silence which knit up my tongue at  
your faire discourse, proceeded only out of  
fear: you might know that, by my exte-  
riour signes, which sufficiently shewed you,  
how sorely it grieved mee: but with you  
only: for I would not have you think me in  
any sort afraid of the screeching sparkes of  
the envious, since nothing can withstand  
that faithfull love, which from hencefor-  
ward is contracted, by

*Your deare Calista, &c.*

*Know you to be the same to the Author*



*Another.*

IF my stedfast love were not answered by yours (*deare Calista*) I should have reason to complaine of you, and my complaints would bee so stout, as not to give way to ought, but torments. But must I needs open the gate to sorrowes, when your Letter is an article of my faith, and that you suffer a thousand tortures for my love? I doubt not, but envie hath beene buzzing something in my Parents eares of our loves, and that Felicity her selfe, as jealous of our contentments, might put such a poore trick upon us. But you have so faire a soule, and so generous, that you will constantly repulse all these onsets, to honour still, with your love,

*Your faithfull Floridan.*



*A Letter in answer.*

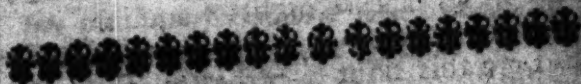
PLeasures are of short continuance, and their fire dayes are too soone eclipsed, wee cannot promise our selves a long enjoyment of them, since they are in the hands of the great *IEHOVAH*. It is constancy that gives us happinesse, after all our adversities. You are the subject of my by-past sorrow (*deare Floriden*) but now your presence serves mee for Sunne-beames : though indeed some doubts of future obstacles doe even bury mee in an obscure night of anguish. And were it not that joy followes sorrow, I had ere this skipt over the step of this life of mine, to bee freed of my paine. But time will one day give us the happinesse to make each other amends, by receiving usury for our patience. Bee comforted



*of Complements. 245*

forted then in your selfe, and consider so  
well with your discretion (though I bee  
thus in my feares) that there wants no-  
thing but the Spire of our felicities, which  
we shall attaine to I hope shortly, or it shall  
be no fault of hers, who is

*Your faithfull CALISTA,  
in as much as you desire  
with honour.*



*Stiles*

of children here, and you are now  
and I have been very much  
in the ( ) and in the  
and the ( ) of the  
and the ( ) of the  
and the ( ) of the

AT 11 O'CLOCK  
the ( ) of the  
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*Stiles and Tearmes used to  
the KING, or QUEENES  
Majesty, either in our Speech,  
or in Superscriptions of Peti-  
tions directed to them.*

*If you present any thing.*

*Sir, May it please your Majesty.*

*If you write in forme of a petition to the  
King.*

*Sir, May it please your Majesty to under-  
stand, or to grant.*

*To the Queene.*

*Madam, May it please your Majesty.*

*On the Superscription of some busynesse, di-  
rected both to the King and Queene.*

*To the most Excellent, and most Mighty,  
Caesar Augustus.*

*To the most Excellent, most mighty La-  
dy the Queene.*

*A stile used by men of quality, when they  
speake to the King.*

M

Sir,

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Sir, May it please your Majesty.

*To the Queene.*

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

*Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions are diuerse, but the most generall are these.*

*If to an Arch-bishop.*

To the Most Reverend Father in God.

*If to a Bishop.*

To the right Reverend Father in God.

*If to a Noble man, eminent in place.*

To the Right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

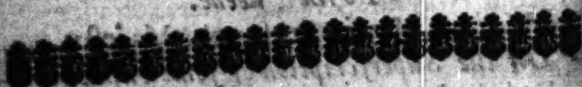
To the Honourable.

To persons of inferiour degrees.

To the right worshipfull.

Otherwise.

To the worshipfull.



### Divisions of Letters.

**A** Morous, loving Letters.

Morall, civill Letters.

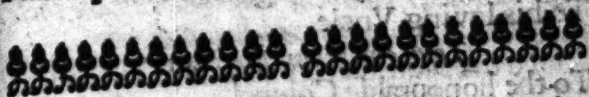
Oeconomical, household Letters.

Politically, witty Letters.

Excusatory.

# of Complements. 247

Excusatory, Defensive Letters,  
Petitionary, Letters of request.  
Gratulatory, Letters of thanks.  
Nuncupatory, Letters of newes.



*Superscriptions, with Subscriptions adjoynd to  
them, as they are most properly applied.*

**T**O the High and most Mighty Mo-  
narch.

Your Majesties most faithfull and obedi-  
ent Subject.

To the Right Honourable.

Your Honours most humbly devoted.

To his Honourable Lord.

Your Honours in all duty and service.

To the Honourable, and his highly respo-  
cted Lady.

Your Honours to command.

Or, Your honours devoted.

To the worthy and Noble.

Ever yours to serve you.

To the right Honourable, and his highly  
esteemed Patron.

*Your Honours observant.*

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To his most loving Father.

*Your obedient sonne.*

To his dearly beloved Wife.

*Your most loving Husband.*

To his loving Vncle.

*Your observant kinsman.*

To the honourable Colonel.

*Your sworn to worthinesse.*

To the only life of his desires.

*Your afflicted friend.*

To the fulnesse of his contentment.

*Your living and dying friend.*

To the only hope of his fortunes.

*The honourer of your matchlesse  
perfections.*

To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewo-  
man;

*Yours in death it selfe.*

To his best choice.

*Yours, in the midst of feare.*

To his virtuous, and dearly beloved.

*Yours ever resolved.*

To the Mistris of his thoughts.

*Yours, dying in Constancy.*

To his beloved friend.

*Yours assured.*

To the lovingest of all my friends.

*Yours*



## of Complements. 249

*Yours inseperably.*

To his highly esteemed friend.

*Yours, as I have professed.*

To his tried and trusty friend.

*Not living without you.*

To his honourable friend.

*Yours in true friendship.*

To his newly displeased friend.

*Yours, if you wrong her not.*

To her best resolved friend.

*Yours wheresoever.*

To his well advised friend.

*Yours, and vertues.*

To his loving, and long expected friend.

*Yours, with good wishes.*

To his respected friend.

*Yours, well assured.*

To his approved friend.

*Yours in true liberty.*

To her much disquieted friend.

*Yours in honourable love.*

To his loving Neece.

*Your affectionate kinsman.*

To his dearest Brother.

*Yours in all occasions.*

To his well experienced and much esteemed noble friend.

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- Yours as you can desire.*  
 To his well disposed friend.  
*Yours to trust only.*  
 To her dearest Husband.  
*Your ever loving Wife.*  
 To his much disordered friend.  
*Yours in reformation.*  
 To his unkinde friend!  
*Yours, if you will have it so.*  
 To his ill advised sonne.  
*Your displeased Father.*  
 To his miserable rich friend.  
*Yours, if you can be your own.*  
 To the worthy Lady.  
*Yours, as a lover of Honour.*  
 To her unkinde Husband.  
*Your true Wife till death.*  
 To his perjur'd, and lascivious Wife.  
*Your Husband if you do not divide him.*  
 To her jealous Husband.  
*Yours in her very thoughts.*  
 To his suddenly displeased friend.  
*Yours, when you conceive aright of me.*  
 To his well resolved friend.  
*Yours, whilst mine owne.*  
 To her unkind friend.  
*Yours, and yet displeased.*

To

## of Complements. 251

To his Honourable and good friend!

*Yours, if you thinke me worthy.*

To his well esteemed friend.

*Yours most dutifull if you would accept  
of Humiliation.*

To his true helping friend.

*Yours recovered.*

To his worthy friend, adventurer in the  
Straites.

*Yours undivided, though farre off.*

To his noble and constant friend.

*Yours, though amongst Infidels.*

To his respected and worthy friend.

*Yours, as you have made me.*

To his carefull friend.

*Yours, mindfull of you.*

To the worthy Doctor.

*Your sicke Patient.*

To his honourable Captaine.

*Yours, though we never meet  
again.*

To his approved friend.

*Yours in all places, and at all times.*

To his especiall friend.

*My owne, if in your memory.*

To the most perfect of Women.

*Yours in the midst of temptation.*

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To his honourable enemy.

*Yours, ready for all dangers.*

To his well deserving friend.

*Yours unfainedly.*

To his over suspicious friend.

*Yours, to trust only.*

To his wilfull, and seduced friend.

*Your poore abused friend.*



*For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions onely are here placed by themselves.*

**Y**Our carefull Father.

Your dutifull Sonne.

Your loving Master.

Your obedient Servant.

*Usque ad aras.*

The unfortunate.

Your well wishing friend.

In all humble duty.

Ever thine.

Thy discontented friend.

In all obedience.

Faith-

## of Complements. 253

Faithfully yours.  
Thy true friend.  
Yours, more than mine owne.  
Never lesse his owne.  
Thy most constant friend.  
As you shall determine of me.  
Affectionately devoted to your service.  
Your loving Landlord.  
Your Worships poore Tenant to command.  
Thy sometimes friend.  
Yours not safe till I enjoy you.  
Yours irremovably.  
Yours prepared to suffer.  
Yours, in boundlesse affection.  
Your servant.  
Your Honours friend.  
Yours most passionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted.  
Yours, as farre as modesty will suffer me.  
Yours, if you please to accept of me.  
Yours, as I finde cause.  
Your best Counsellor.  
Your injured Mistris.  
Your affectionate poore friend.  
Once thy Friend.  
Your entire Vassall.  
Remaining your friend.

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Yours, in respective duty.  
Yours, as a lover of vertue.  
Yours, fearefully loving.  
Yours, well affected.  
Your plaine and true friend.  
Your Worships to be commanded.  
Your friend to his ability.  
*Anima dimidium tue.*  
Yours in unsutterable affection.  
Your loyall Wife.  
Your imprisoned friend.  
No longer your friend.  
Yours wholly, and only, if you will.  
Yours, so I may be my owne.  
Thine, or not his selfe.  
Your distressed Debtor.  
Yours, as you shall deserve by your service.  
Your sorrowfull friend.  
Yours, what you will.  
Your forsaken friend.  
Your vowed servant.  
Your enemy, till death.  
Your friend; whether you will or no.  
Your true love.  
Yours ever.  
One, alwayes yours.  
Thine owne, from all the worlds

Yours.



## of Complements. 255

Yours, in all good sort to be entertained.

Your friend confirmed in all fidelity.

Thine to the end.

Desirous of your reformed imagination.

Yours, more sorry for your ill conditions,

then for the wrong you have done me.

Your faithfull and ready friend.

Your most humble and passionate Servant.

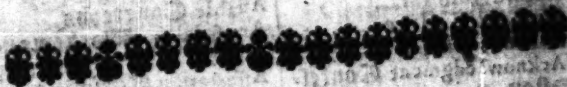
Yours, in the infrangible bonds of affection.

The Servant of your worthy virtues.

Yours, most respectfully engaged.

Your ever friend and Servant.

Your Lordships unfained honourer, and  
loyall Servant.



# The Academy



## Table for the Underſtanding of the hard ENGLISH words, contained in this Worke.

**A** Cure **Whistle.**  
Amiable **Loovely.**  
Ample **Fit.**  
Ample **Charge.**  
Aspire **To looke high.**  
Abstemious **Temperate.**  
Amplifie **To enlarge.**  
Adverſe **To adviſe.**  
Augment **To increaſe.**  
Aspect **To looke vpon.**  
Abſurd **Fooliſh.**  
Aſſured **To like.**  
Aſſured **Sight.**  
Acknowledgment **Confel-  
ſion.**  
Attractive **Drawne too**  
Aspiration **Breathing.**  
Abhorre **To hate.**  
Audacious **Boled.**  
Alacrity **Cheerfulneſſe.**  
Apert **Open.**  
Abjure **To forſweare.**  
Active **Simle.**  
Anguiſh **Griefe.**  
Apertinent **Belonging too**

Auſpicious **Betokening  
ſucceſſe.**  
Abſolute **Unſhaken.**  
Ambiguous **Doubtfulneſſe.**  
Arrogant **Proud.**  
Accommodate **To make  
fit.**  
Aggravate **To make more  
grievous.**  
Adverſe **Contrary.**  
Apprehenſion **Underſtan-  
ding.**  
Affable **Courteous.**  
Artificially **Workeman-  
ſhip.**  
Affectation **Curioſitie.**  
Academy **Univerſity.**  
Amity **Friendſhip.**  
Abbreviate **To ſorten.**  
Ardent **Hot.**  
Adorne **To beautifie.**  
Antipathie **Contrariety.**  
Adore **To worſhip.**  
Affectionate **Loving.**  
Accurate **Curious.**  
Act **To doe, or to per-  
forme.**

Accident

# of Complements.

Accident Chance.  
Assent To agree to.  
Accomplish To finish.  
Amaze To strike with  
wonder.  
Admire To wonder at.  
Absolutely Fully.  
Adventure To hazard.

**B**eneficial Profitable.  
Bliss Happiness.  
Bashfull Blushing.  
Brevity Shortness.  
Benevolence Goodwill.  
Brut Report.  
Barbarian A rude person.  
Beatitude Blessedness.  
Besiege To sit upon a  
Court.

**C**omplexion Consti-  
tution of body.  
Convince To confute.  
Credulity Rashness of be-  
liefe.  
Celestiall Heavenly.  
Civill honest behaviour.  
Comprehend To contain.  
Circumspect Heedful.  
Celebrate To keepe so-  
lemnly.  
Compassion Pity.  
Consequent Following by  
order.  
Correspondent Answer-  
able.  
Contrite sorrowfull.

Capacity Largeness of  
place.  
Circumstance Quality of  
time and place.  
Condescend To agree to.  
Cogitation Thought.  
Catastrophy The end.  
Credible To be beleevd.  
Contribution Bestowing.  
Confirm To establish.  
Casualty Chance.  
Compose To settle.  
Clemency Gentleness.  
Convenient Fit.  
Consecrate To make holy.  
Center A circle.  
Competent Convenient.  
Circumvent To deceive.  
Compunction Short.  
Certifie To give to un-  
derstand.  
Conferre To talke toge-  
ther.  
Corrivals Partners in af-  
fection.  
Contract To covenant.  
Circumscribe To compass  
about.  
Commencement The be-  
ginning.  
Contemprible To be de-  
spised.  
Commemoration Remem-  
bring.  
Circumlocution Many  
words.  
Converse To be familiar.  
Continent Chaste.  
Charmes Spells or witch-  
craft.  
Conduct Guiding gover-  
ning. Curiosity

# The Academy

Curiosity Neatenesse.

D

**D**ire Cruell.  
 Distracted Mad.  
 Divert To turne from a-  
 nother.  
 Direct To guide.  
 Divulge To publish.  
 Delineate To draw a pro-  
 portion.  
 Desist Leave off.  
 Dissimilitude Unlikenesse.  
 Disperse To scatter a-  
 broad.  
 Diety God-head.  
 Disloyall Untrusty.  
 Distinguish To put a diffe-  
 rence.  
 Decipher To describe o-  
 lay open.  
 Distant Place betweene.  
 Dispose To appoint.  
 Deformed Ill shapen.  
 Disturbe To disquiet.  
 Dialect A manner of  
 speech.  
 Define To show what a  
 thing is.  
 Dissolve To unloose.  
 Disswade To perswade to  
 the contrary.  
 Discuss To search nar-  
 rowly.  
 Digresse To leave a mat-  
 ter.  
 Decent Comely.  
 Disannull To make void.

Dilate To enlarge.  
 Destitute Forsaken.  
 Defame To slander.  
 Destinated Appointed.  
 Disputable Questionable.  
 Determine To conclude.  
 Dedicate To give for e-  
 ver.  
 Dismiss To send away.  
 Difficult Hard.  
 Defraud To deceive.  
 Desert on Leaving.  
 Display To spread a-  
 broad.  
 Dexterity Aptnesse.  
 Dejected Cast downe.  
 Demenor Behaviour.  
 Diffuse To poure out.  
 Disability Unablenesse.  
 Deprive To take away.  
 Disjunction Dividing.  
 Deride To mocke.  
 Dismall Unluckie.  
 Dissident Doubt-  
 full.  
 Delude To de-  
 ceive.  
 Dissent To dis-  
 gree.  
 Depend To hang  
 upon.  
 Deliberate To take coun-  
 sell.  
 Dehort To perswade to  
 the contrary.  
 Degenerate To fall off  
 from goodnesse.  
 Defects Weaknesse of ca-  
 pacity.  
 Dissipate Scatter a-  
 broad.

E

# of Complements.

B

**E**xpression Laying open off.  
 Expert Skillfull.  
 Extract To draw out.  
 Exact Perfect.  
 Erronious Full of errors.  
 Effect A thing done.  
 Embleme A shadow of a thing.  
 Evident Plaine.  
 Expect To waite or look for.  
 Exempt Free.  
 Extinguish To put out.  
 Efficacy Force.  
 Enflame To set on fire.  
 Expedient Fit.  
 Expire To dye.  
 Extemuate To lessen.  
 Essence The being of a thing.  
 Echo A sound.  
 Experiment Tryall.  
 Extend To spread forth.  
 Elaborate Curious.  
 Exhibit To bestow.  
 Expostulate To chide with.  
 Evasion A escape.  
 Eclipse Darknesse of the Sunne.  
 Extempore Without stn, die.  
 Exanimate To trouble the mind.  
 Education Bringing vp.  
 Epithere A title given to any thing.  
 Expence Cost.

Exasperate To anger.  
 Evitable To be shunned.  
 Excessive Too much.  
 Effeminate To womanish.  
 Exorable To be intreated.  
 Elegancy Finenesse of speech.  
 Expedition Speed.  
 Exigent Necessity.  
 Election Choise.  
 Explicite Unfolded.  
 Eloquution Good expression.  
 Exile Vanished.  
 Explicate To declare.  
 Estimate Price or rate.  
 Enjoy Keep or possess.  
 Engaged Indebted.  
 Event End, success.  
 Extraordinary More then common.

F

**F**rivolous Trifling.  
 Fortunate Happy.  
 Fiction A tale.  
 Fatall Mortall.  
 Fortitude Callo.  
 Fevent Hot.  
 Fulgent Glistering.  
 Figurative Shadowed.  
 Faculty Power or ability.  
 Finite Having an end.  
 Fruition Injoying.  
 Fabulous Fained.  
 Fraudulent Deceitfull.  
 Fragrant Smelling sweet.  
 Fallacy Deceit.  
 Fidelity Trustines.  
 Fantasticke Imagination.  
 Felicity Happinesse.

Featurs

# The Academy

Feature Shape.  
Foundation Groundwork.  
Falshe To breake ones  
word.

## G

**G** Ratifie To pleasure.  
Genuine Naturall.  
Gratulate To be glad.  
Generosity Nobility.  
Glorifie To give honour.

## H

**H** Abiende Disposition  
Heroicall Belieem-  
ing a Nobleman.  
Harmony Agreement.  
Hereditary By succession.  
Habit Apparell.

## I

**I** Mproper Anst.  
Incident Happning.  
Introduction Entrance.  
Issue Event.  
Immature Anripe.  
Improvident Carelesse.  
Iresall Angry.  
Iudicious Understanding  
Indulgence Sufferance.  
Imprudent Ignorant.  
Illustrate To make plain.  
Inamoured In Love.  
Immuable Unchangeable  
Ineffable Unspeakable.  
Include Shut in.  
Ignoble Of base birth.  
Interpreter To expound.

Insolent Proud.  
Incurr To run into.  
Invektive Speaking a-  
gainst.  
Indignation Anger.  
Immaculate Unspotted.  
Incommodious Purefull.  
Instinct An inward moiti-  
on.  
Inticite Doubtfull.  
Improbable Not to be  
proved.  
Interrupt To let.  
Induce To move to.  
Impediment Vnderance.  
Incommunicable Not to be  
imparted.  
Intolerable Insufferable  
Intercept To prevent.  
Impenetrable Not to be  
pierced.  
Insist To stay upon.  
Indecent Not comely.  
Interdict To forbid.  
Imperious Desiring rule.  
Infallible Not deceivable  
Institute To appoint.  
Intimate To signify.  
Intermission Breaking off.  
Implore Desire with  
teares.  
Impertinent Not pertai-  
ning.  
Implacable Not to be  
pleased.  
Insult To triumph.  
Incompatible Insuffera-  
ble.  
Instable Inconstant.  
Individual Not to be par-  
ted.

Inspire



# of Complements.

Inspire To breath into.  
Inculpable Without fault.  
Incomprehensible Not to  
be conceived.  
Insensible Not to bee per-  
ceived.  
Incredulous Hardly to be  
believed.  
Inseparable Not bee divi-  
ded.  
Intentive Earnestly bent.  
Integrity Pureness.  
Insensity Without feeling.  
Indisposition Backward-  
ness.

L

**L**inguist Skillfull in  
tongues.  
Lentie Gentleness.  
Labyrinth Full of win-  
dings.  
Loyall Obedient trusty.  
Languishing Pining.  
Literature Learning.  
Laudible worthy of praise.  
Lascivious Wanton.  
Luster Brightness.

M

**M**ollise To make  
soft.  
Maxime A principle.  
Mutable Changeable.  
Manifest Open.  
Metamorphosis Changing  
of shape.  
Magnificent Sumptuous.  
Mingate Allwage.  
Mentall Belonging to the  
mind

Malecontent Discontent.  
Mature Repe.  
Mirror A glass.  
Metaphor Similitude.  
Muses Goddesses of leat-  
ning.  
Menace To threaten.  
Morality Civill behav-  
our.  
Multiplicity Tartety.  
Magicians Sorcerers wit-  
ches.  
Melancholy Quick sad-  
ness.  
Merits Deserts.

N

**N**uptiall Belonging  
to marriage.  
Notion Inward know-  
ledge.  
Nuncupatory Declaring.  
Native, where one is  
borne.

O

**O**pposite Contrary.  
Odious Hatefull.  
Originall first beginning.  
Obscure Darke.  
Object Athing set against  
Oratory Eloquent speech.  
Obsequious Serviceable.  
Officious Dutifull.  
Obdurate Hardened.  
Omit To let passe.  
Oprobrious Reprochfull.  
Obliged Bound to.  
Occurrences Occasions.  
Ominous Signifies good  
or ill lucke.

Opera-

# The Academy

Operation Effect.  
 Observant Dutifull.  
 Odoriferous Smelling  
 Sweetly.  
 Ornament Adorning.  
 Oprobrious Reproachfull.  
 Ordained Appointed.

**P**ropitious Favourable  
 Ponderous Weighty.  
 Period End of a sentence.  
 Prolixe Teyons.  
 Persist To continue.  
 Parragon A patterne or  
 example.  
 Prostrate To fall on the  
 ground.  
 Perplexity Trouble.  
 Placable Easy to please.  
 Progress Going forward.  
 Position A question disputa-  
 ted.  
 Paradoxe A strang speech.  
 Project A plot.  
 Prefixed Set before.  
 Patronize To defend.  
 Promiscuous Confused.  
 Perfidious Treacherous.  
 Polish Make faire.  
 Prohibit To forbid.  
 Pretermitt To passe-over.  
 Permanent Continuing.  
 Precipitate To cast down.  
 Prosecute Follow after.  
 Prejudice To hinder.  
 Remission Sufferance.  
 Procrastinate To delay.  
 Perspicuous Cleere.  
 Prescription Limitation.  
 Participate To partake.  
 Personate To counterfeit  
 a person.

Probable Proven true.  
 Perpetuity Continuance.  
 Phantasie Imagination.  
 Peculiar Proper.  
 Patheticall Full of passi-  
 ons.  
 Perfections Gifts of na-  
 ture.  
 Perfumes Sweet smells.  
 Passionately Truly loving  
 Perpetuall Everlasting.

**R**igorour Cruell.  
 Repulse To drive  
 backe.  
 Rusticall Unmannerly.  
 Reject To cast away.  
 Reduce To bring backe.  
 Revolve To determine in  
 the mind.  
 Resemblance Likeness.  
 Ratifie To confirme.  
 Resigne To give to ano-  
 ther.  
 Repeale To call backe a  
 gaine.  
 Repure To esteeme.  
 Resplendent Shining  
 bright.  
 Ridiculous To be laught  
 at.  
 Reserve To keepe.  
 Reall Substantiall.  
 Reiterate Repeat againe.  
 Respite To defer.  
 Remit To forgive.  
 Refractory Obstinate.  
 Reassume To take againe.  
 Remunera-c Reward.  
 Reliques The remainder.  
 Reference Pointing at.

Regal.

# of Complements.

Regall Princely.  
Retribution A reward.  
Refulgent Shining.  
Reflection Casting backe.  
Reputation Credit good  
name.  
Respect To Look, cast an  
eye.

Remaine To continue  
constant.  
Reprovable To be blamed  
Rarities Things hard to  
be found.

S.  
Supream Highest.  
Splendent Glistering.  
Succeed To follow.  
Structure Building.  
Serenity Calmnes.  
Sympathy Fellow-feeling.  
Supposition Thinking.  
Solicite To move.

Succinct Short.  
Suspence A doubt.  
Sable Black or mournful  
Submitte Lowly.  
Superiority above another  
Select Chosen out.

Subsequent following.  
Spacious Large.  
Sustaine To suffer.  
Seduce To deceive.  
Sublimity Hight.  
Survive To out-live.  
Soveraigne highest autho-  
rity.

Scruple A doubt.  
Superfluous Needlesse.  
Symmetry Due proportion  
of parts.

Sensuall Bawdy.  
Scapifie To astonish.  
Simplicity Plainnes.  
Subsist To abide.  
Society Fellowship.  
Servile Slavish.  
Sutable Agreeable.  
Suspicious Doubtfull.

T  
Tresses Locks of haire  
Transcendent El-  
ming over.

Timorous Fearefull.  
Triumphant Rejoycing in  
victory.

Tedious Trouble some.  
Transforme To change.  
Terrene Earthly.  
Tranquillity Quietnes.  
Tolerable May bee suffe-  
red.


Tragicall Sorrowful.  
Temporize To serve the  
times.

Transparent May be seene  
Tenent Opinion.

V  
VNiversall Generall.  
Vnanimity Of one mind.  
Vitall Libely.  
Variable Changeable.  
Value Esteeme.  
Vulgar Common.  
Vndervalue Discommend.  
Vigorous Strong & lusty.

W  
Weath Garland of  
Crown.

FINIS.



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*Matth. Clay.*

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